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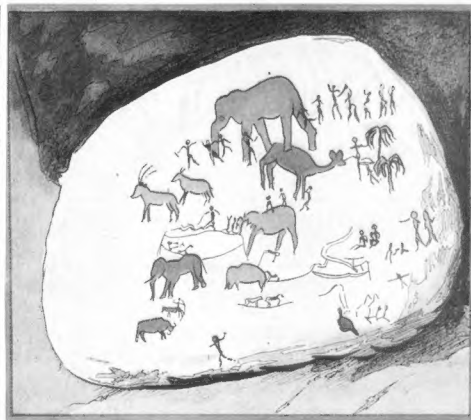
"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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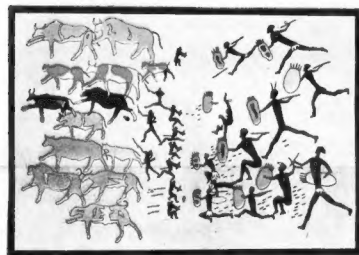
Sunday, Aug. 19, 1934



The Newly Discovered and Puzzling Painting Upon the Rhodesian Rock, Showing What Some Scientists Believe May Be an Ancient Poster of an Egyptian Musical Troupe Which Visited the Place 4,000 Years Ago. And Beside It for Comparison—



The Normal Bushman Art of the Locality, With Its Crude Outline Figures of Human Beings and Its Grotesque Treatment of Animal Shapes.



Another Rock Painting by African Bushmen, Showing a Cattle Raid Made Against Them by Kaffirs—In No Way Like the "White People" Picture.

Prehistoric Paintings of White Race in Africa



Bushman Paintings of a Coated Man and Other Human Figures, Showing an Entirely Dissimilar Technique to the Painting on the "Rock of the White People."

Science Puzzled by a Mysterious Painted Rock in the Depths of Africa That May Be the Poster of a Wandering Egyptian Musical Troupe of 4000 Years Ago

A party of archeologists, examining some cave age paintings of about 20,000 years ago, should suddenly see among them the pictures of modern women in the clothes of today, yet with every evidence that they had been painted the same time as the others, they would certainly be startled and mystified.

Something quite as puzzling has just been discovered in South-eastern Rhodesia, in Africa—a prehistoric rock painting of a white people in a locality where science is certain no white people ever lived, and which was probably made from 4000 to 3000 years ago.

All around for miles there are big boulders and sides of hills upon which are painted the characteristic pictures of the black bushmen. But this strange, newly-found painting is absolutely different in every way from these. The bodies are drawn in white pigment, the hair is carotey red and is dressed both in long pigtails and "half bob." The figures appear to be women, and they are not overburdened with clothes. In some cases they wear nothing but what looks like a red far baa or cape around the neck and shoulders. Others wear loin cloths or abbreviated skirts. In contrast with the bushmen pictures which are little more than lines, or lines filled in with colored pigment, this particular ancient artist knew how to draw in the round; that is, to delineate curved surfaces.

In all other rock paintings people are hunting, fighting or doing some useful thing, but these white people are shown enjoying themselves playing music and dancing. They have the appearance of being a band—a 4000-year-old jazz orchestra, or musical troupe. There is more than a suggestion of the Egyptian art in the painting, and scientists are inclined to think that they actually represent Egyptians. Against this is the fact that the Egyptians never painted themselves with white bodies, but used pale rose, red and sometimes a light brown. Besides that, there is the problem of why, if they were Egyptians, they painted only that one picture, instead of a number of others. And what was a band of musicians and dancers doing down there among these ancient blacks, with harp and cymbals, and so little clothes?

One suggestion offered by the puzzled scientists is that they were a troupe who had accompanied an Egyptian maritime expedition down the coast as entertainers. Back in 600 B. C., Pharaoh Necho sent a small fleet on an exploring trip along those same shores. It was the custom in those days to take along performers of various kinds to lighten the journey.

Not so far away from the painted rock are the equally mysterious ruins of Zimbabwe, which are supposed to be the remains of fortifications built by the Phoenicians. They served to protect the workers

in gold mines close by; the mines, by the way, which some think were the source of the gold which King Solomon used in building the Temple—the Biblical "Gold of Ophir."

The theory of those who believe that the figures show a band of Egyptian musicians is that Necho's, or some other Pharaoh's, boats made a stop to take a look at Zimbabwe, and that the little troupe went along. Then, quite like "trippers" of today, they sat for their pictures, only as there were no cameras at that time, one of them who was also an artist did the best he could with paints on the rock.

On the other hand, it is also suggested, the troupe might have found business dull in Egypt and decided to make a tour of the provinces. The difficulties of such a trip overland seem to make such a theory untenable.

Still another group thinks it more probable that some artistically inclined natives of the neighborhood had visited Egypt, and, returning, drew the pictures to show their friends and relatives what a strange looking crowd they were. They might have been slaves who escaped.

There is still another possibility—that the painting was done by the unknown people who built the fortifications at Zimbabwe. Whoever these were, Phoenicians or others, they were far advanced in the arts of civilization, because these ruins, after thousands of years, are not nearly as decrepit as many castles in England only a few hundred years old.

The comparisons of the mysterious painting with those of the African bushmen shown on this page reveal clearly how absolutely different they are in technique. The bushmen never drew human figures in this manner, and they never painted white ones. The painting is as unique among the others as a Rembrandt or Velasquez canvas would be in an ancient Abyssinian art gallery.

But whether they were Egyptians who made these pictures or natives trying to show what the Egyptians looked like, or the unknown people of Zimbabwe, the mystery still remains of why they made that one picture and no others; and why, among all the rock paintings within a thousand miles, this is the only one that shows people playing instead of slaughtering animals and fellowmen or going about one or the other extremely utilitarian occupations of their time.



The Leader of the White-Skinned Troupe, Painted on the African Rock, Waving Some Oddly Shaped Instrument.

Dolls Review Fashion's Evolution During the Past Century



The Height of Fashion in 1830.

By 1848 Smart Women Were Wearing This Costume.

More Volume Was Added by the Crinoline in 1858.

In 1880 the Sheath Skirt Made Its Appearance.

Just Before the Gay Nineties.

This Costume, of 1895, Is Reminiscent of Anna Held.

And This 1910 Costume Suggests Lillian Russell.

In 1928 Female Attire Had Been Considerably Simplified.

A Year Later the Wide Skirts Returned.

Then Came the Close-Fitting Long Gown, in 1930.

THE citizens of the French capital have, in the past few years, seen hundreds of exhibitions of dolls. But none of these displays created the interest stirred up by a recent doll show in which the little was figure—only 10 of them—were used to illustrate the trend in feminine fashions through the century beginning with 1830 and ending with 1930.

PARIS. designers, Mesdames Lafitte and Desirat, spent many months in research and in making the costumes for the dolls, and it is likely that the dolls will be given a permanent place in one of the city's largest museums. The doll at the extreme left of the page is wearing the sort of outfit that was the last word in 1830. Beside this figure is another all "dolled" up in the mode of 1848 and next to her is shown the historic hoop-skirt that

held the feminine fancy not only in France but all over Europe and in America as well. The date of this doll and its outfit is 1858. In that year, and for several years before and after, the aim of the fashion cars seemed to be the elimination of the deeply outlined of the feminine figure. The voluminous skirts were placed over frames of wood, whalebone and, sometimes, steel, and concealed half a dozen flounced and ruffled petticoats.

By 1880—the doll with the parasol represents that day—the big skirts had given way to more form-fitting apparel, but in 1887 (the period of the next figure in the right) skirts were filling out again, even though they were not anything like the crinolines of the hoop-skirt era. The modestly dressed doll with the muffs and the leg-mitten sleeves is accurately exemplifying the well-dressed matron of the middle 1890's

and the inanimate woman beside her—the one with the elaborate millinery creation atop her little head—in wearing the hobble skirt in which European and American women minced along in 1910. By 1928—the day represented by the statuette of the young woman in the shortest skirts in the exhibition—the World War had exerted a radical effect on the mode and had induced the fashion designers to move the hem

line from the heel to the knee. The short skirt, to the delight of the males of the civilized world, was in favor for a year or two, and there were some arbiters of fashion who feared that women never would go back to long skirts. But they did—as the 1930 doll at the extreme right of the page shows—and they haven't gone up again yet, though they undoubtedly will, because the mode, like the weather, moves in cycles.

Invoked Aid of Science to Hasten Baby's Birth on Sacred Holiday

"BUT the child that is born on Christmas Day—"

According to the ancient jingle such a child shall have all manner of advantages, wealth, gaiety and

beauty. And hundreds are the mothers each Christmas Day who thank their lucky stars when their children happen to be born under such auspicious circumstances. But it remained for Mrs. James Brennan of San Francisco to force the issue. And although she took her life in her hands, she insisted upon a Caesarean operation in order that little James Brennan, Jr., might thereafter not only enjoy the happy auguries of the old jingle but that he might celebrate his own birthday on that day each year upon which millions all over the world celebrate the birth in Bethlehem twenty centuries ago.

Mrs. Brennan knew that she might expect the advent of her little child into the world around the Christmas holidays and she prayed that it might so happen that the event might transpire on Christmas Day itself. But the day before Christmas, her physician, Dr. Hans Von Geldern, noted San Francisco surgeon, was forced to inform her that she could not expect the birth of her child before December 27 at the earliest. Mrs. Brennan thereupon insisted that the surgeon perform the Caesarean operation next day and so insistent was she upon the point that Dr. Von Geldern was obliged to comply.

Ordinarily a physician in charge of a maternity case would be firm with a mother-to-be and refuse to assist her to bring a child into the world ahead of its natural time, but in this particular case the desire of the woman to have the child born on Christmas amounted to an obsession and the doctor undoubtedly felt that it would be better for the mental and physical health of the child—and his patient, too—if he acceded to Mrs. Brennan's wishes. The day before Christmas Mrs. Brennan was taken to a hospital. The operation was completely successful and James Jr. came into the world on the sacred holiday.

Of course Caesarean operations are by no means uncommon, but to undergo one before it was necessary is considered unusual in medical circles. The operation derived its name from the legend that Julius Caesar was brought into the world in a similar manner. Under the old Roman law it was mandatory to attempt the operation where the mother had died in the course of childbirth. Records indicate, however, that it was not attempted upon a living patient until around

the beginning of the 16th century. It was not until the improved technique of comparatively recent times that the operation could be withstood with any degree of safety.



Little James Brennan. With His Father. The Mother Insisted on Having the Youngster's Birthday Occur on Christmas Day, and Risked Her Life Thereby.

\$200,000 Tomb Depicts Married Life of Kansas Couple

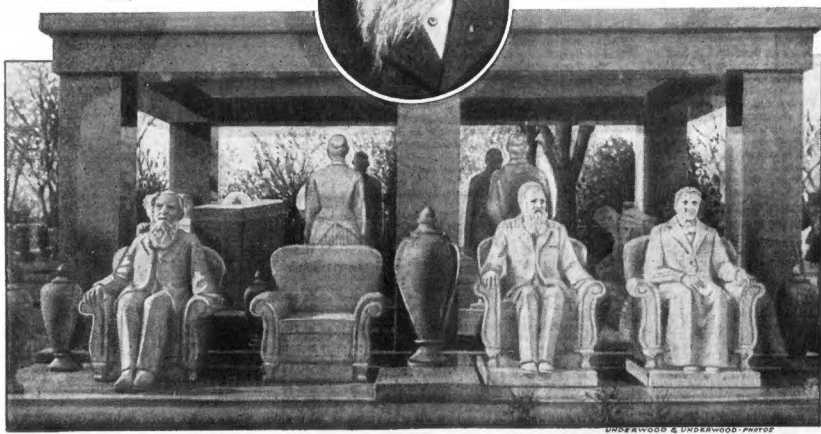
JOHN M. DAVIS, aged and white-haired citizen of Hiawatha, Kansas, lived what seemed to be an ideal life with the woman he chose for a mate. Soon after the couple had celebrated their golden wedding, Mrs. Davis died and was laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery. It seemed to the venerable widower, as he pondered the half century of happiness and achievement that had been his, that the best way to honor the memory of his wife—and to keep the example of their great love alive for others—was to erect a memorial that would tell the story of their days together. The photograph below shows that memorial as it stands today—one of the most unusual and expensive projects of its kind to be found in this country, or anywhere else. In a pavilion of Grecian simplicity are 11 life-size marble statues of the Davises—six of Mr. Davis and five of his wife. When death comes to John Davis, as it must to all men, the twelfth and last statue will be put in place—a marble figure of his wife placing a wreath on the vault.

The statues, carved in Italy, tell the story of the life of John Davis and his wife from the time they were married, back in 1850, up until the time in 1930,

when they celebrated a half century of married life shortly before the wife's death.

The faces and the costumes of the three-dimensional portraits of the Kansas couple show how they aged as time went on, but in every one of the statues the sculptor represented the man and the woman as contented and pleased with life as they found it. Two of the statues show the Davises seated on a bench just as they were when they were young and first married.

In this memorial, which has attracted visitors to Mount Hope Cemetery from every part of the State, the facial likenesses of the woman buried beneath it and the man who will be placed there when his time comes are said to be excellent although the sculptor never saw the Davises. All the statues were made from photographs. The completed monument will cost about \$200,000 and this figure does not include a trust fund already set aside to care for the memorial to the end of time. Every few years the statues will be cleaned to restore the original white beauty of the selected Italian marble.



The \$200,000 Memorial Tomb, Built by John M. Davis, of Hiawatha, Kansas. The Figures Are of Him and His Wife, and Depict Their Lives From the Wedding Day to Their Fiftieth Anniversary. Mr. Davis Is Shown in the Insert.

Mrs. James Brennan, Who Has Recovered Completely, and Whose Little One Is Growing Up a Happy and Healthy Child.

Coins in Stomach Pay Doctor's Bill

WHEN Edwards C. Nickels went into St. Elizabeth's Hospital, in Washington, D. C., for an ailment that had nothing to do with his stomach, he was a little worried about the doctor's bill. The doctor was worried, too, because he found it difficult to ascertain just what the matter was with his patient.

Both individuals were surprised and relieved when Mr. Nickels' stomach, opened in a delicate operation, gave up 114 in dimes, dimes and quarters, not to mention a miscellaneous assortment of nails, spoons and metal bottle tops. The curious collection weighed about eight and half pounds. Mention to his doctor that he had a weakness for swallowing solid and inedible objects and he did not remember that he had, over a period of years, bunched 114 worth of odd change in his alkaline tummy. This rum did not, of course, pay the entire cost of the surgeon's services, but it helped—in more ways than one.

Immediately after the removal of the coins, Mr. Nickels began to feel better. Something of a load had been taken off his mind as well as out of his stomach.

Beachcomber Who Stumbled Into Art

IF George Payne, a resident of Cape Cod, who used to paint signs for a living, hadn't stumbled onto a queer-looking shark bone washed up on the sandy shore near the tip of the Cape, he might have gone on painting signs. But because that bone looked to Mr. Payne like the body of a fantastic bird, he is known as the "beachcomber sculptor," and his odd artistic creations find a ready sale in New York and other cities. Almost every day the onetime sign painter comes across some curiously formed bit of driftwood which can be converted with a little imaginative labor into a penguin, a gull, a stork, a flamingo, or some other creature that flies the air or swims the water. Night after night he sits by the open fire in his little seaside cottage, whittling, filing and painting. Once in a while he adds a shell or two to the bizarre creation he is fashioning, or augments some little statuette of a "critter" that never was, with such strange products of the beach as the tail of a horseshoe crab or the claw of a lobster. His beachcombing art is bringing in more money than his sign painting ever did—and he was a good sign painter.

A Modern "Rake's Progress"

"Playboy" Exploits of "Wild Bill" Weightman, Who After Spectacularly Squandering Millions, Is Sent by His Fifth Wife to an Insane Asylum at the Age of Thirty-nine

From Cradle to Insane Asylum—"Wild Bill's" Road to Ruin

(See Numbers on Pictorial Chart)

- 1—Born Heir to Millions.
- 2—Starts Wild on a Ranch Riding Steers.
- 3—Elopes With Wife No. 1 When He Was Only Eighteen and Her Seventeen.
- 4—Wife No. 1 Quickly Divorces Him.
- 5—Runs Flock of 24 Hazing Cans to Cross the Continent. Gets Fined for Speeding All the Way.
- 6—Spends Fortune on Burlesque Shows, Who Tries to Kill Himself on His Doorstep.
- 7—Goes to Jail on Serious Charge.
- 8—Backs Charming Widow to Be Seven Stars.
- 9—And Makes Her Wife No. 2.
- 10—She Saves Him From Jail by Passing Jewels to Stabilize His Rubber Checks.
- 11—Only to Be Locked Up by Him, While He Entertains Other Ladies, She Claims.
- 12—Becomes a "Country Squire" and Marries a Farmer's Daughter, Wife No. 3.
- 13—But Is Arrested (These Were Prohibition Days) for Operating a Still.
- 14—Jailed for Bigamy Because He Carelessly Married No. 3 Before No. 2 Got Her Divorce.
- 15—Marries Mexican Girl, Wife No. 4.
- 16—Jailed Again for Assault.
- 17—Tries to Kill Himself.
- 18—Attempts Aviation and Marries Wife No. 5.
- 19—Wife No. 5 Appeals to Court.
- 20—Norristown Insane Asylum. End of the Road.

ANOTHER millionaire playboy, who mixed gasoline, women, money and liquor into one joyous cocktail and called it life, has ended up in the insane asylum. At the request of the last of his numerous wives, a Philadelphia Court the other day appointed guardians to conserve the last few thousands that remain of the millions of dollars once belonging to William Weightman, III, and Weightman himself is held in the State Hospital for the Insane, Norristown, Pa., suffering from what the doctors call alcoholic insanity.

Weightman, whose crazy antics and wild spending orgies earned him the nickname of "Wild Bill," was one of those supposedly fortunate babies who are said to have been born with a golden spoon in their mouths, but "Wild Bill" soon traded his spoon for a glass, and now he hasn't even got the glass left.

Born in February, 1895, in Philadelphia, he was a potential heir to the millions of his two grandfathers, the first William Weightman, called the "Quinine King," and John Rogers, a wealthy man. It was William Weightman who founded the firm of Powers, Weightman & Rosenzweig, one of the largest manufacturers of chemicals in this country. It was said he had \$50,000,000.

"Wild Bill" was possibly the most fantastic of all the string of so-called playboys who have flashed like meteors across the American scene during the last thirty years and then, burned out like the shooting stars they emulated, disappeared from view. He didn't get the entire \$50,000,000 that his paternal grandfather accumulated in the quinine business, but he managed, at the age of 29, to spend more than \$25,000,000—and he has spent quite a bit of time in jails and prisons where it is hard to spend very much.

"Wild Bill" first flashed into public print when, at the age of 18, he was one of the participants in a romantic elopement. He had been on an Arizona ranch for some time, living the life of a cowboy. Something about ranching appealed to the boy, and when he came East and at Sag Harbor, Long Island, an exclusive resort, found young Mary Hensley Powers, aged seventeen, of Shelby, Iowa, who was interested in ranching, it didn't take him long to decide that here was his mate. They started society and their parents one Summer day in 1913 by disappearing from the resort and reappearing in New York City, where they were married at the Little Church Around the Corner.

But soon they were divorced. A short time later young Bill reached his twenty-first birthday, when, according to law, a man is supposed to have sense enough to look after himself. At about the same time he received about a million. In addition he had a yearly income bigger than most men ever manage to acquire in a lifetime.

Having tried marriage and not liking it so well, Bill turned to automobiles and speed for relaxation. That was just about the time when automobile racing was coming into prominence, so Weightman, with plenty of money to indulge in his hobby, bought some racing cars. Whatever he did, he did in a big way, so he bought twenty-five of them. He loaded his pockets with money, gathered twenty-four other thrill-seeking youths around him, and the cavalcade, motors roaring, set out across the country for the West Coast. Weightman had heard that California was a fine place to have a good time in, and, besides, there were the moving picture actresses, in whom he felt he might take some interest.

The caravan left its record of that cross-country dash written in the police blotters of the towns it passed through. The group finally arrived in Los Angeles. There was one round of arrests after another. Speeding was the usual charge, because Weightman was determined to be a racer, although most of his racing was done on the public highways, so police officers, who held these checks wanted their money or they wanted "Wild Bill" in jail. He didn't have the money, but the second Mrs. Weightman came to his rescue. She withdrew her suit, pawned her jewelry and paid the checks. A bit sobered by his narrow escape from jail, and also because he was out of money, Weightman left the Coast and, with his wife, traveled east to Virginia, where they secured a home in a town named, rather aptly, Casanova. About this time some other relative left Bill another fortune. With plenty of money in his pockets, he soon forgot the California near-disaster. Mrs. Weightman left Casanova, claiming that her husband locked her in her room over the week-ends while he entertained other women.

Bill left Casanova too. There wasn't speed enough there to hold him, and, besides, he had decided to become a farmer. A farm in Tioga County, New York, appealed to him. Bill bought it. But his pastoral idyll didn't last long. He became entangled with a farmer's daughter. The farmer was one McReady, and his daughter was Lucy McReady, aged seventeen. "Wild Bill" showed her a big roll of \$1,000 bills and Lucy decided that Casanova had moved into the country. They faced a preacher and were married and lived happily ever after for twenty-four days, when the perennial groom was snatched by the local sheriff for operating a still.

Her husband in the clutches of the law, Lucy went back home to her father. Bill escaped the liquor charge on payment of a fine and abandoned his farming career. Meanwhile Mrs. Weightman No. 2 brought out for divorce again in California, unaware that her husband had already taken another wife to fill the void she left. She used on grounds of desertion and asked for half the income from Bill's various inheritances. Unaware of this attack on his fortune, Weightman drifted blissfully along until 1925, when a Baltimore policeman arrested him on a charge of drunken and reckless driving. He managed to effect his own release by telling the magistrate that he was on his way to be married to Pearl Stewart, the girl he had with him in the automobile. But he was stopped long enough for a bad check charge to catch up with him and he was held for court action.

Back in Tioga County the red-haired farmer's daughter who had been his wife for twenty-four days saw a notice of his arrest in the newspapers. Mrs. Marie Campbell Weightman, wife number two, saw the same news in the California newspapers. It annoyed both of them that he was about to take another wife. In the ensuing investigation Mrs. Weightman No. 2 learned that there already was a Mrs. Weightman No. 3, and that if Bill had



"Wild Bill" Weightman as He Appears Today.



"Wild Bill" With His First Wife Years Ago, Before He Had Kicked His Title.

The Second Mrs. Weightman, Who Has Persistently Tried to Get Her Share of What Is Left of His Estate That He Could Not Spend.

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married Miss Stewart she would have been Mrs. Weightman No. 4.

Bill was extradited, sent to Binghamton, N. Y., on charges of bigamy and sentenced to two years in prison. He was soon paroled, however, and went back into matrimonial circulation. This time he hunted to Mexico, convinced a dark-eyed senorita that he was the man for her, was married there and returned to the United States with his latest wife. They lived happily for a while, but in 1926 the second Mrs. Weightman, still seeking some share of the Weightman fortune, caught up with him. She found a sorry mess when she arrived. Bill had beaten up his chauffeur, George Bortner, because he believed Bortner had insulted Nita, the Mexican wife. The chauffeur charged him with assault and battery, and Bill was thrown into jail. The arrival of the second Mrs. Weightman, and the statutory charge she lodged against Bill, added fuel to the fires.

When Bill got out of jail he discovered that his pretty Mexican bride had disappeared. The unfortunate girl, horrified to learn that her husband was not her husband but a sort of double-barrelled bigamist, had died.

His newest wife gone, Bill shot himself. He made a bad job of it, however, and recovered to find himself jammed up with the law again as a parole violator. Paroled bigamist, he learned, were not expected to grab off a new wife the minute the prison gates opened.

It turned out that Mrs. Weightman No. 2 had secured her divorce. So Bill married wife No. 5, Mrs. Charlotte Weightman, of Malden, Mass.

In 1930 Weightman appeared in Philadelphia with this fifth wife, a daughter, Ramona, and a secretary. He announced that he was through being a playboy, was determined to settle down, and declared that to prove it he would fly an airplane across the Atlantic Ocean "just to help out aviation."

But the transatlantic flight was dropped when it developed that Bill didn't have a pilot's license, and, besides, he was out of money again.

In March, 1932, Bill became rich all over again when his great aunt, Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker Penfield, died and left him two trust funds of almost \$500,000. A short time later he got \$55,000 in cash from another inheritance. For a time he disappeared. But a few days ago Mrs. Weightman the fifth appeared in court. She revealed that "Wild Bill" finished serving a thirty-day jail sentence for disorderly conduct at Camden, N. J., on June 15. Mrs. Weightman said that she decided his mind was not right. So she took him to the hospital, where doctors agreed with her diagnosis. The court has appointed a guardian to conserve the two trust funds left him by Mrs. Penfield.

"Wild Bill" the playboy, has burned out at thirty-nine. He has learned that the happy cocktail mixed from gasoline, women, liquor and money was too stiff even for the grandson of a Quinine King.

Married Two Men and Lives Happily With Both



On Left—Irwin Spencer and Maurice Cartier, Playing Fighting Over the Woman Who Is the Mother of a Child of Each.

Below—The Home of the Cartiers, at Inglewood, Where Mrs. Cartier Lives Contentedly With Her Husband and Her Ex-husband.



ONE of the most unusual and, if the occupants tell the truth, one of the happiest households in America is a little Spanish bungalow in Inglewood, California, occupied by a woman, two men and two young boys. The woman is Mrs. Catherine Cartier. The men are Maurice Cartier, her second husband, Irwin Spencer, her first husband, and the boys are Bobby Spencer and Maurice Cartier, Jr. As their names imply, one of them is the son of Mr. Spencer and the other is the son of Mr. Cartier.

The situation, according to Mrs. Cartier and Messrs. Cartier and Spencer is this: Some years ago, Mrs. Cartier, then Mrs. Spencer, lived in New York with her husband. After seven years of married life Catherine suffered a nervous breakdown and decided that the climate of California would do her, and her son Bobby, a lot of good. She went to California and Mr. Spencer was to join his wife

and child after they were established. A year later he had failed to show up and all the efforts of his wife to locate him failed. She feared that her husband was dead and that fear was seemingly substantiated when, one day, she

received an envelope bearing a New York postmark. It contained the obituary of one Irwin Spencer. It was about this time that Catherine met Maurice, a personable young man of French extraction, who seemed as fond of little Bobby as he was of her. Catherine married him and they moved from Los Angeles to the cozy little bungalow in Inglewood.

Below—Maurice Cartier, Jr., Son of the Second Husband, Photographed on the Lawn of the Home. He Is Held in High Affection by the Father of His Half-Brother.



Bobby Spencer, Maurice Cartier's First Born, the Son of Irwin Spencer, With One of His Toys.



Mrs. Cartier, Who Finds It Possible to Love One Man and Admire the Other, and to Live in the Same House With Both, Because, as She Says, There Is No Jealousy.



another Irwin Spencer. But now he wanted to come back.

His wife invited him to Inglewood to meet her new husband and the child who was such company for Bobby. Mr. Spencer arrived, had a long talk with his ex-wife, took a liking to her new husband and decided to stay in Inglewood for awhile, to be near his son.

Why, said the Cartiers, not stay with them? They had a spare room and Mr. Spencer stayed on as a sort of star boarder, and he has been a member of the household for more than a year.

"It's all very civilized," says Mrs. Cartier. "Irwin realizes that he has forfeited my love as a wife, and Maurice knows that I'll never love any man except him. It would be silly for Irwin and Maurice to be jealous of one another and I never have seen any evidence that they are anything but the best of friends."

"Sometimes Maurice stays home and looks after the children while Irwin and I go to the theatre, or social affairs. And Irwin, of course, takes his turn at playing nurse."

"It may seem to some people that our manner of living is irregular, but it doesn't seem so to us. It's really sensible and all of us are finding life very normal and pleasant."

New 2 Piece Bathing Suit

IN England, as in this country, there has been more or less complaint against the one-piece bathing suit because, in the eyes of certain individuals the revelations of such outfits in some way endangered public morals. So, this season, the British designers of swimming apparel have gone in for two-piece suits—like the extremely fetching one the young woman is wearing in the photograph below.

The seaside censors, for obvious reasons, don't like such two-piece bathing suits any more than they did the one-piece get-up. In fact they say that these new models are even more "buckling." But they are modish and probably will be permitted at most of the smart watering places.



At the English Watering Places This Season, This Extraordinary and Somewhat Revealing Bathing Suit Is Being Featured as an Ultra-Modern Trend Away From the Not-So-Folded-colored One-Piece Swimming Rig.



"Parents' Resurrection," One of Six Pictures Shown at the British Royal Academy. It Is by Stanley Spencer and Is Regarded, With the Others, as Startlingly Unusual Because of the Stiff and Ungainly Figures Rising in Ordinary Clothing From the Grave and Being Greeted by Their Children.

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Homeless Cats Breed Wild Species in Maine Woods

GUIDES and hunters, looking for game in the woods near Jackman, Maine, caught fleeting glimpses, from time to time, of animals which looked like wild cats but which were not the common wild cat found in that part of the country. Neither were the creatures marked like the Canadian lynx, nor so big as that feline of the Big Woods. Considerable mystery clouded the occasional sighting of these creatures that defied classification until the cleared and bitten carcasses of three of them were found the morning after a woodman had heard what sounded to him like a violent cat fight not far from his cabin.

A study of the animals, each of which weighed about 20 pounds, revealed that they were wild cats, sure enough, but cats obviously descended from the common house cat. It was remembered by Tim Osterman, one of the guides in the Jackman area, that three or four years ago, Summer campers around the shores of Wasele Pond packed up and went away without taking several pet cats with them. Once in a while he had seen their cats in the woods, but had never been able to catch one of them.

What happened, according to the guide, and officials of the Maine Fish and Game Commission is this: The cats were forced to shift for themselves, or die. Denied their saucers of milk and fish, they went into the woods and

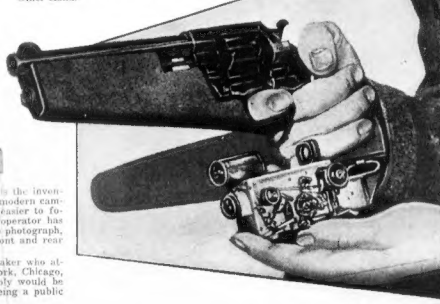
caught squirrels and small birds. In short, they reverted to type. They went wild.

In three or four years the original stock of domestic tabbies, forced by circumstances to rustle their own food, has bred several generations of offspring, each generation wilder than the one preceding it, so that now the cats have lost all of their civilized habits and manners.

How many of these cats there are in the Maine woods no one can say, but it is the conjecture of guides, based on the number of cats seen and the area in which they are found, that there must be several hundred of them. Within a few years that number probably will increase to several thousand and sportsmen who like to hunt deer, moose and bear in the Big Woods will have another wary species to stalk and bring home as trophies of their skill with the rifle.

If a pair of the cats can be trapped, it is the intention of one of the Jackman guides to conduct an interesting experiment. He wants to find out how long it would take to re-domesticate the animals and whether, in time, their offspring will return to the size and weight of the domesticated house cat from which the stock sprang.

The Pistol-Like Movie Camera That Most Likely Will Run Up Against the Law If Introduced in America. Because of Its Threatening Appearance, the Inside Machinery Is Shown in the Holder's Other Hand.



A "Hold Up" Movie Camera

IN this constant war against crime the police of this country have run across more than one thug who "sticks up" victims with toy pistols that look like the real thing. One Edward Upton, recently captured in Chicago, admitted that he had staged more than 30 successful robberies with a make-believe gun. Upton was jailed and others who use his tactics will, the police say, be locked up even though their "shooting irons" are harmless.

This being the case it is likely that the pistol movie camera, shown in the photograph at the right, never

will become popular in this country. It is the invention of a Frenchman, who made the ultra-modern camera in the form of a pistol because it is easier to focus on rapidly moving objects. All the operator has to do, when he sees something he wants to photograph, is to catch the object in line with the front and rear sights and pull the trigger.

The amateur, or professional picture-taker who attempted to use such a camera in New York City, or any other large American city, probably would be promptly clapped in jail—suspected of being a public enemy.

Terrific Heat Waves and Droughts of Earlier Times

History Reveals to Scientists That Severe Periods of Dryness Swept Over the Earth in Cycles, Changing Entire Civilizations and That One of Them May Be Afflicting Mankind Now

WHAT caused the record-breaking heat waves and droughts in many parts of the United States; will these things be repeated next Summer and, if so, what will happen to us?

To answer these questions, scientists are collaborating, not only with ordinary historians but such specialists as Biblical students and archeologists whose excavations reveal previous parchings of the human race and what the victims did about it.

In the first place this, like other similar occasions, is no local affair but has afflicted a broad belt running through most of the North Temperate Zone. Sweltering New York City could hardly believe that a strange, dark cloud passing overhead was the precious dried-up soil carried by the hot winds from Nebraska and North Dakota.

Europe and Asia were equally dismayed. The unmitigated heat caused the Eiffel Tower to grow eleven inches taller, but at the same time the River Seine shrank and became so hot and turbid that fish died in such numbers as to make the smell almost unbearable in large parts of Paris. In England the Thames was in similar condition and the general water famine so severe that railroads brought water into many towns and retailed it by the gallon at prices that would have brought before the war.

Germany, for the first time in a third of a century, was gazing at the famous "hunger rocks" in the River Elbe. Scandinavia, Russia, China and Japan all reported unprecedented heat and drought. India had 121 degrees of heat and the Chinese scarcity of rice jumped the price 50 per cent in a week.

But is there evidence to show how much more of this we may have to suffer and what it may do to us? There is plenty of evidence from the past, but, unfortunately, the study has only recently received anything like the attention it deserves. Though not spectacular, like its opposite, the flood, drought is a thousand times more important in controlling history.

Calculations by the American meteorologist, Herbert Jennings Brown, of Washington, D. C., and Albee Gabriel, the French expert, suggest that about every 1500 years, the Northern Hemisphere is in for a hot, dry period and every fourth time that year turns up, that is every 750 years, an extra, tough dose of scorching is due. Presumably, hot, dry periods are caused by the relative positions of the sun, moon and the planets bringing about changes in tides and ocean currents and affecting the amount of heat from the sun.

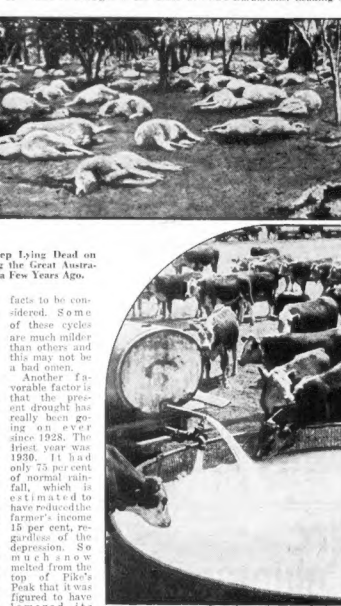
Regular weather records in the United States are hardly more than 100 years old, but trees have been keeping records of wet and dry years the world over for thousands of years. One of the prehistoric forests of North America was what had wiped out one after another the successive cultures of the Pueblos and other more or less civilized groups of American Indians. Whole stone-built cities, irrigated fields and so on had been abandoned to the desert. No one suspected that drought might have caused the extreme drought.

Recent investigations found pieces of partially petrified wood which from their position indicated that they had been used by some of the very last survivors. Examination of the position of the wood told the story. The fourteen outer rings, representing the last fourteen years before the city was abandoned, were so thin and close together as to prove that these were fourteen consecutive years of extreme drought.

For fourteen years the Indian crops had failed, the beasts and birds had died or migrated and even the fish in the rivers must have vanished. Whether the Indians themselves all died, all migrated or some did both, is not known. It may be that we are now in one of those dreaded dry cycles which recur roughly every 750 years. This taken in yet to come, perhaps seven lean years like those of which Pharaoh was forewarned or even the fourteen years which seem to have wrecked the Indians entirely. But there are other



The Huns on the March, by the French Artist Goussier: the Fall of the Roman Empire Corresponded to a Time of Drought in the Lands of These Barbarians: Leading All Tribes to Invade Southern Europe.



Thousands of Sheep Lying Dead on the Ground During the Great Australian Drought of a Few Years Ago.

facts to be considered. Some of these cycles are much milder than others and this may not be a bad omen.

Another favorable factor is that the present drought has really been going on ever since 1928. The first year was 1930. It had only 75 per cent of normal rainfall, which is estimated to have reduced the farmer's income 15 per cent, regardless of the depression. So much snow melted from the top of Pike's Peak that it was figured to have lowered its average height 2,000,000 feet.

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A Scene on the Sunburned Plains of the Middle West, Showing Hundreds of Cattle Staking Their Thirst at Man-Made Watering Holes, the Water Being Brought From Long Distances—But Even So, Thousands Continued to Die Where They Could Not Be Reached.

up crops but on top of that it had to face invasions of Genghis Khan and other leaders of the Mongol tribes, who burst in from heat-stricken Asia. Drought always seems to prompt nations to start migrating and fighting. Usually the only reward for their trouble is that the resulting slaughter eventually reduces the population to a point where it can find enough to eat. While heat, thirst and hunger-maddened Asiatics and Europeans were indubitably trying to exterminate each other, the drought did a kindly act on the side. It dried out areas in India, China which before and since was so wet as to be fit for nothing but a jungle. Here the remarkable ruins of Angkor are a monument to the artistic and energetic Khmer Empire, which flourished there. Further back in history are the great droughts of about 3000 and 4000 A. D. Though these were not quite the most



Cain and His Family, by the French Artist, Goussier. It Has Been Suggested That the Story of the Garden of Eden and the Flaming Sword Had Its Origin in a Devastating Prehistoric Drought, and That Cain's Wanderings Were a Folk-Memory of the Nomadic Life Some of the Earlier Ancestors of Man Were Forced to Lead in Consequence.

that they were almost hopelessly expecting the end of the world.

The Moabites were among the first to go wrong, changing from peaceful farmers to roving sheep-herders and in hardly more than a generation they had begun raiding and plundering the Israelites on the moister side of the Jordan. The Jews seem to have had more than their share of droughts, ever since one sent Abraham on his wanderings. Small wonder they got to be such weather experts that the Prophet Elijah predicted seven years' drought and famine while Joseph, in Egypt, not only tipped Pharaoh off with the same bad news but that there would be seven good years first in which he could fill Egypt's granaries.

The biggest of all droughts seems to have happened between 3000 and 2000 B. C. At this time the ancient and highly civilized empires of the Mesopotamians in Babylonia, leaders in astronomy, building, writing and many other arts in which sciences was destroyed by successive hordes of dirty, thirty, wild-eyed barbarians. Chinese records of the Summer of 2600 B. C. Emperor Yu, who introduced irrigation.

Perhaps this was the great drought which some Bible historians believe is remembered in the story of the Garden of Eden.

In a warm, well-watered country people do not need to work much in order to raise food. That was one of the characteristics described as being brought to the Garden of Eden. Neither did people need to wear clothes, or, at least, not the kind of them, since neither the hot nor the cold winds would be severe. The arrival of a drought, making it needful for farmers to work hard to make a living, might be described by the terms used in the Bible story of the Garden and of man's expulsion from it.

The story of Cain and Abel may be a dim memory of how two tribes fought for the same land, their friendship quarrelled over the little farm land that was left, or over the scarcity of water, so that one tribe was exterminated. Even the victorious one, cursed by God with drought, wandering thereafter over the face of the earth, as Cain is recorded to have done.

That drought does not seem to have afflicted Egypt, a long, narrow ribbon of fertile soil along the Nile whose waters made it almost independent of rain. But out of the dried-up plains of Asia burst the terrible Hyksos in a cloud of dust. The royal descendant of the pyramid-builders was buried from his throne and the land of the Nile was ruled for a while by a dynasty of barbarians.

People in the United States who say that the hot Summer of 1936 is the old-fashioned one when they were children, are quite correct but they are probably recalling a hot and dry summer seven years from 1893 to 1900. Records of the Southern Hemisphere are not as complete or accurate as of the North but it seems that usually the two halves of the world do not get wet or dry at the same time. It is the same ago while the weather was uneventful in the North, the South was suffering from a severe drought. Game became so scarce that lions, after trying to swallow the nasty but and flesh of ant-eaters, took to waiting at water tanks and other places where railroad trains stopped and helping themselves to the first small child they found on the train. For a year it was necessary to carry armed guards on the railroad.

With electric fans, air-conditioning, ice storage, artificial rain and almost unlimited power to pump water, humanity is far better fitted to face a drought than ever before and they may lack the courage and hardiness of former times.

Another Great Drought Took Place at the Time of the Biblical Seven Plagues of Egypt. This Painting Depicts Pharaoh Mourning the Death of His First-Born From the Plagues. Which Some of the Last and Which Usually Followed Drought and Famine.

the able Emperor, Diocletian, battled vainly against a combination of financial depression, labor troubles and international attempts to grab everything in sight, in many ways similar to the world troubles of today. A few years later the continued troubles drove into Europe the Asiatic Huns under Attila and other leaders.

The drying up of Arabia about the year 600 A. D. almost put an end to Christianity. The half-crazed natives followed Mohammed in a fanatic migration which overran most of Asia, North Africa and just missed conquering Europe.

Around the year 1250 B. C. was a period of frequent droughts so severe as to be called "the Great Catastrophe." It was marked by the Biblical plagues in Egypt, the flight of the Israelites, and a general depression so dreadful that commercial relations between Egypt and Babylonia virtually ceased. From somewhere in the North, this same drought sent the Babylonians into the peninsula of Greece. Their descendants, the Homic Greeks, sea traders and pirates, destroyed their big business rival, Troy.

From 1200 to 950 B. C. was a rainy and a period of progress and prosperity when most everybody and everything was successful. Assyria, Babylonia and Egypt boomed in spite of wars and rivalries. Palestine flourished under the reigns of Saul, David and Solomon, doing big business with the Queen of Sheba and other good customers. Then a depression settled and Palestine, which, with a few intervals of rain and recovery, grew worse until at Nebuchadnezzar of the Chaldean era, the inhabitants had become so dependent

Baril's Aids To Magician

MR. GASTON BARIL, a comfortably well-to-do Montreal man-about-town, has the police of Canada's largest city very much worried. It is not because Mr. Baril is a desperate criminal. It is because Mr. Baril won't stay locked up in any cell which the police put him in—and how he got out is the puzzle to which they would like to know the answer.

It was only a few weeks ago when Mr. Baril, always specially inclined, drank rather too much strong liquor and in the early hours of Saturday morning a police officer escorted Mr. Baril to the Central Jail on Gouffard Street, next door to Detective Headquarters, where he was charged with being drunk, disorderly and making a public nuisance of himself.

But the nuisance that Baril was alleged to have created before his arrival at the jail was nothing compared to that he was about to create once inside its stone walls, police soon discovered to their discomfort.

Duly registered in the police station's social register, Baril was led uncomplainingly to his cell to await a hearing later in the morning. The customary iron barred door was closed behind him and he was left to ruminate upon the evils of strong drink, especially when taken in excess. But, as frequently happens when a man drinks as freely and unwisely as Baril did, the imprisoned man was soon consumed by a compelling thirst. Other prisoners in similar circumstances might have rattled the doors of their cells and called for water, but not so Baril. Spotting a water tank at the end of the corridor Baril simply opened his locked and barred cell door and proceeded to secure his liquid necessities.

If Baril thought this procedure was quite natural the guard in charge of the line of cells thought differently and was amazed and angry to find the accused man whom he thought safely under lock and key unconcernedly roam-

WHEN the city lights went out, and the good citizens of Franklin, Pennsylvania, drew their shades and retired on a pleasant night recently, all was quiet and serene. Peace had settled upon the community, and there was no hint of the shock that was in store for everybody who was to pass, next morning, the well-kept grounds of Franklin Cemetery, wherein reposed the departed members of a majority of the families of Franklin. Not all of the ten thousand inhabitants had to pass the cemetery, but nearly all of them went to have a look, when the alarm was sounded.

Early risers, on route to their daily tasks, who happened to walk by the grounds, were first to experience the shock. They soon found themselves part of an excited group, which stood and stared at a strange scene.

Every one of those who gazed fascinated at the cemetery plots began to wonder what could have caused the transformation of the usually tranquil landscape, with its orderly rows of graves, its stately monuments, and ornate headstones. Could some ghoully spirit have moved through the silent

and mired place and with superhuman strength have wrought the havoc that now greeted the residents' eyes? Or could some herd of cattle, bears, or bulls have galloped over the cemetery grounds, or could some of the carefully attended wards and left in an unholy trail?

Something had passed through the graveyard—something which had left a trail of vandalism and destruction in its wake. The vandals had not only pulled up the graves, but had also thrown the stones and tablets had stood undisturbed and hallowed, was now a scene of wreckage and confusion. The bodies of the dead were lying in the night while the town slept. It seemed for a moment that an earthquake had shaken the cemetery while sparing the rest of the city.

Indeed, whatever it was that had happened, had not even disturbed the slumber of the cemetery superintendent, Paul Mackenzie. Mackenzie, at the moment, was himself staring from the front of his own dwelling, at the incredible scene. Years of labor put in by himself and his assistants in the tender care of the graves had gone for nothing in the face of this ruin. It would take more years to restore the symmetry and the beauty of the graveyard. But that was no what worried Mackenzie. What puzzled him was the mystery of it all. Was it possible that the graves had been robbed by a band of wholesale chisels? Or was this some strange phenomenon?

Obviously the spectators on several sides of the cemetery were thinking the same things, for they converged, all of them, to the same point, and there they stood, while some few venturesome souls rushed to their family lots to make sure the graves had not been opened. Mackenzie had no answer for the inquisitive questions of the crowd, and he was not at all sure that he himself was as much a mystery to him as they were to the rest of the town. He could only conjecture what method, while some few venturesome souls rushed to their family lots to make sure the graves had not been opened. Mackenzie had no answer for the inquisitive questions of the crowd, and he was not at all sure that he himself was as much a mystery to him as they were to the rest of the town. He could only conjecture what method,

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Every minute added numbers to the crowd. The news of a ghoully visitation spread throughout Franklin. It



The Superintendent and His Aides Stared at the Incredible Scene. Years of Labor and the Tender Care of Graves Wasted. Some Versus or Thing Was Superhuman Strength Had Thrown the Cemetery Into Chaos.

was only natural that the police should arrive in force to add their questions and to investigate. With them was Sheriff Herb Beatty, District Attorney Maurice Breen and photograph and fingerprint experts from the Butler barracks of the State police. After a survey of the scene, it was generally agreed that mortal or ghost, whoever had toppled over those weighty tombstones was a creature possessed of extraordinary strength.

At the southeastern corner of the cemetery near the entrance, the officers found that the experimental grass-seed plots had also been tampered with. They discovered that 75 one-inch square wooden stakes which were used to mark off different types of grass-seed being grown, had been jerked out. And there Fingerprint Expert Denton noticed the imprint of a hand and a foot in the soft earth. Realizing that this mark would be an extremely valuable clue, Denton set to work to make a plaster of Paris cast of these impressions.

Sheriff Beatty developed a suspicion two days later that William King, a young, strong man who had been

dismissed from work at the cemetery last year by Superintendent Mackenzie, and who had been heard to utter many unfattering things about the superintendent since his dismissal, might know something about the vandalism. State policemen were sent to the home of King and took him into custody for questioning.

With this second checkup, the officers felt justified in questioning King closely about his actions on the night of the vandalism. At first King insisted that he had been home all evening but when the plaster of Paris cast of the hand and shoe impressions shown to him, King expressed his desire to make a complete confession and told why and how he wrecked 110 tombstones as well as many grass-seed stakes.

King was arraigned next day before Magistrate Robert A. Pry, entered a plea of guilty and was held for court. In a confession which the police claim to have obtained from the prisoner, he is reported to have explained that when he left home on the night of the vandalism, nothing was further from his mind than the plan of using gravestones. But the evening was young, and King felt in a sociable mood. He stopped in at a luncheon, and there he met several friends. They visited several bars and a few glasses of beer. A couple of King's companions began to play cards, and King, who was a card player, joined in. King's sympathy for them began to include himself.

It was very late when the merry fellows parted company. King was walking home and he was very tired. He was a long climb and the most direct route lay through the cemetery, with which King was familiar. As he climbed he began to think of the gravestones and he began to wonder what the idea of upsetting others in the lone pedestrian's mood, and then he remembered that he had been drinking. He was in the graveyard, and had lost his job. Sudden anger assailed him. Muttering to himself, the man, according to the police, decided to make the town all up and take notice, and he began, with his unusual strength, to topple over the granite and marble slabs. Having passed through the cemetery and left such a trail, King felt his anger subside, and he thought it was all very funny, whereupon he went home and to bed.

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Swapped Dates To Keep Peace in Families

WHEN Joseph Grimes, 30, grocer of Elgin, Ill., returned home in the evening after being on his feet all day he naturally felt tired.

From 8 in the morning until 8 at night he probably covered 15 miles of territory. Then there was a certain strain in having to say approximately 200 times a day:

"Yes, madam, the eggs are strictly fresh." "Yes, ma'am, the whipping cream really whips."

On Saturday, store hours were from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., which meant Mr. Grimes walked about 32 miles and assured just about twice as many women (oh, that the brand he had was just as good as the one they asked for).

Returning home to his cosy bungalow and his vivacious brunette wife, Ada, Mr. Grimes, after he'd eaten his dinner, probably wanted nothing so much as to settle down in an easy chair and read his evening paper.

But, alas! There was Mrs. Grimes—full of plans.

"Honey," she would say, just as Grocer Grimes was about to slide into his slippers, "wouldn't you like to take in the dance at 'Moonlight Gardens'?" Or:

"Dear, our night is roller-skating for charity tonight. And I promised we'd be on the rink."

Six years ago, when he was a bridegroom, Mr. Grimes had been willing to dance, skate or jig for charity. For plain pleasure. But that was before he went into the grocery business. He was a bookkeeper then.

If 24-hour Mr. Grimes had time to spend the rest of the evening reading newspapers, no one could really blame her. Before her marriage she had won silver cups as a writer.

Mr. Grimes knew better than to try to tell his wife his brand of leisure was just as good as the kind she wanted. To spar for time—in the hope a thunderstorm or a light earthquake would keep him out of his home—he might suggest that they find out whether their best friends, the



While Mr. Grimes and Mrs. Brainerd Would Remain Comfortably at Home, Mrs. Grimes Would Go Dancing and Skating. But Their Neighbors Thought Nothing of This Until the Couples Officially Swapped Dates.

Brainers, intended to go dancing, skating, or to the movies.

Joseph was cheered in the knowledge that it takes a woman considerably longer to make a social telephone call than it does to phare in the grocery department. The result meant he could sit that much longer.

Coming from the telephone, Ada usually would relay the message.

"Well, Marjorie says she feels too tired to go to the 'Midnight Gardens' (roller-skating, or to the movies), but Walter says he's rarin' to go. So what shall we do?"

What they did was this:

Mr. Grimes and Walter Brainerd went to the "Moonlight Gardens" (or roller skating) and Grocer Grimes and Mrs. Brainerd, who was tired, too, sat at home. Mrs. Brainerd, the mother of two boys, ages two and four, declared herself to be "lunkered out" after a day of shopping, baking and bathing the boys. So while Ada and Walter whirled and strutted to their hearts' content (or roller-skated for charity), Joseph and Marjorie read newspapers from drapery-covered chairs in the parlor.

At midnight Grocer Grimes opened up a bottle of beer and Mrs. Brainerd fetched some cakes from Ada's cake box. Then Mrs. Brainerd would say something to the effect she believed she wouldn't wait for Walter but just go home.

Grocer Grimes, considerably refreshed by this time, said he wouldn't think of letting her walk home alone. If the neighbors were of the two strolling leisurely in the direction of the Brainerd home they probably thought nothing of it. Brainers and Grimes were always together.

And if any of them encountered Walter and Ada getting out of his automobile at 3 A. M., at the Grimes door and noted that both were very gay, indeed, they'd still think it was all right.

But when the neighbors and Mr. Grimes' customers in the watch city, located in the beautiful For River valley, picked up the papers a few weeks ago to read that Ada I. Grimes had divorced their grocer in the court of Judge Frank L. Shopen, they were considerably surprised.

Two days later they were shocked to hear that that good-looking, jovial Walter Brainerd was engaged to be married by his wife, Marjorie, on the grounds of cruelty—in the court of Judge Shopen. Salesman Brainerd, with the consent of Mrs. Brainerd, was awarded custody of their two sons.

What really started the city of 10,000 to buzzing was the news two weeks later that the Brainers and the Grimes had gone on a double elopement and that the two Brainers did not remain in this neighborhood—but the Grimes!

Mr. Grimes took a philosophic attitude toward the swap. He said:

"Marjorie and I are better suited to one another. We don't like to chase around, though Marjorie is just as young as Ada. The more we were thrown together the more we realized our differences and knew what was going on. She could discuss the news with me very intelligently. Ada usually said to me, 'I don't feel like reading.' At the time of the swap, blonde Mrs. Grimes, who was Mrs. Brainerd, and I had been mind letting her foster husband have custody of their boys. She said:

"They wanted to go with their father because he is so gay and full of life. He always found time to play with them. And Ada always has been 'untidy' to them."

But she did not feel that way now. The Brainers now live in Dixon, Illinois, and the boys do not get along in and see her as often as she thought they would. Despite two divorces, and usually said to be "too restless to read," the other day she petitioned the court for the return of her sons, and her reason was "that she is in love." The case is pending, and many people in Elgin are predicting a real battle is going to spoil the sweet friendship of the jangled couples.

The Guard in Charge of the Line Stared in Amusement. There Was the Man Who Had Been Locked Up Strongly and Concernedly Through the Corridor to Help Himself to a Drink of Water. But He Wouldn't Tell How He Did It.

ing about the jail corridor and helping himself to a drink of water. Quickly he seized Baril and escorted him to a different cell, thinking perhaps the lock on the first one had been defective. To make sure that he would not again be disturbed he double-locked the cell before going back to his post.

But before long the prison guard's rest and quiet were again to be disturbed, for hardly had he comfortably arranged himself for his long vigil when he heard someone with a strange voice using the jail telephone. He rushed into the prison office where the telephone was located, and again to his amazement, found Baril conversing pleasantly with one of his friends and explaining jokingly his predicament.

Angry as well as astonished at this development, the guard demanded of his prisoner that he reveal how he was able to leave his cell. But Baril, like other master magicians, merely smiled and refused to divulge the secrets of his art. Determined that there should be no more nocturnal wanderings by unaccounted prisoners, the guard conducted Baril to the strongest cell in the jail, a cell ordinarily reserved for desperate characters, handcuffed him to the wall and again double-locked the door. Then in order that he might watch his prisoner and possibly learn what method he used in attempting to escape, the guard went upstairs to the room directly above the cell where a "spy hole" had been installed through which police, unobserved, may watch any activities that might be going on therein.

To reach the upper room took the guard less than two minutes but when he put his eye to the "spy hole" he was for the third time that morning overcome by amazement. For the cell was empty. No sign of Baril or his handcuffs was to be seen. Not only had the captive flown but he had taken with him, apparently, a set of handcuffs for which the guard would be held responsible. Immediately he had visions of difficulties that would confront him in the morning when he would be called upon to explain the disappearance of his ward, the loss of the handcuffs and the fact that three of his cells were unable to hold a thoroughly inebriated citizen.

Rushing down the stairs the guard immediately raised a general alarm, and as the "first man overboard" caused instant activity on board a noisy liner, so his cry of "prisoner escaped" brought a rush of aid from other quarters of the jail.

For half an hour the corps of officers searched the jail from top to bottom. Every corridor and side room was investigated, and just as police were convinced that Baril had left the building altogether one of the searchers found him, lying comfortably on a bed in one of the cells further down the corridor, chatting quietly to the inmate who was seeking to persuade this amazing fellow prisoner to aid him in securing his freedom. The inmate, in reply, however, left Baril unmoved, the amateur magician feeling the need of companionship and refusing to allow his companion to leave.

For a fourth and final time Baril was lodged in his own cell but this time the guard decided that the only method of keeping his man secure would be to remain with him. For the rest of the night, therefore, Baril and his guard shared a cell, the latter steadfastly refusing to engage his ward in a game of cards in any form, realizing that with such an opponent he would be lucky to go home with his shirt.

At last, when morning dawned, Baril, now considerably more sober than when he had been locked up before, was conducted before Magistrate Leblanc, who, despite a police conspiracy of secrecy had heard in various forms the story of the night in the jail. The magistrate, however, refused to reveal the mysteries of his cell, his only comment being: "Hudson is drunk. I know a few of his tricks." He had, in addition, studied many a law and knew quite a number of "parlor tricks," some of which he offered to perform for the bench. He was dismissed.

Why Mr. Le Clerc Read The Society Columns

ALBERT LE CLERC is not socially registered in Toronto and had no ambition to become a member of the upper crust when the police of the Canadian city became interested in him recently. But, like many people, he made it a practice never to miss the daily society columns in the Toronto newspapers. The news of the activities of the fashionable set seemed to have such a fascination for him that he would clip paragraphs and paste them under index in a book which he carried—the very book that aroused the curiosity of detectives who noted that Mr. Le Clerc would refer to it often while strolling about in localities where men-about-town spend their leisure.

Just the other day the police escorted Mr. Le Clerc into a magistrate's court to liquidate into his diligent study of the society columns in the Toronto newspapers. The news of the activities of the fashionable set seemed to have such a fascination for him that he would clip paragraphs and paste them under index in a book which he carried—the very book that aroused the curiosity of detectives who noted that Mr. Le Clerc would refer to it often while strolling about in localities where men-about-town spend their leisure.

This seemed so odd to the police and to the magistrate that they went on far as to ask Mr. Le Clerc if he

explained the coincidences. With some reluctance, which diminished in ratio to the insistence of the police, Mr. Le Clerc explained. And the groups of social registeries who had gathered in court to listen, were as eager as the police to discover what had become of the valuable files from their homes.

Denuded of its savagely the explanation of Mr. Le Clerc was not extraordinary. He simply read the columns and checked on the fashionable folk who were planning holidays away from home. On the day after each departure Mr. Le Clerc would simply call up the house. If a servant answered there would be no "OK." If none answered, Le Clerc would pay a personal visit, and by means known to him would enter and eventually leave—with what only to him would enter and eventually leave—with what even valuable struck his fancy. That explained why, though he had no visible means of support, he was able to furnish a bachelor apartment to the queen's taste, maintain a costly roadster, which, alas! has been auctioned by the police, and wear the finest of clothes, while his pockets were as comfortable as a bank and money.

On hearing all this the police decided that Mr. Le Clerc himself needed a holiday—away from the city. The magistrate hastily agreed with them, and strangely enough, not one society editor recorded the fact when the dazzling Mr. Le Clerc drove up his apartment and went away for a jolly vacation in Canada's famous stone-walled resort on the Don River. Mr. Le Clerc's new address is

SOMEBODY Had Married the Sunday School Teacher—

And Despite Denials of the Rev. Mr. Welburn, Jr., the Jury Decided It Had Been Himself, the Judge Gave Her a Divorce and the Child, and a Grand Jury Indicted Him for Perjury

"An abomination unto the Lord but a very present help in time of trouble."
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PEOPLE reading of the conflicting and often preposterous testimony of divorce trials, sometimes wonder why none of these cheerful lars even seem to be punished for perjury. But the other day, in San Antonio, Texas, a Grand Jury took notice of what they considered to be bare-faced prevarication being perpetrated in the divorce suit of Mrs. Wineta Welburn against her husband, the Rev. William Drummond Welburn, 2nd, minister of the Government Hill Methodist Church. From the very beginning of the court airing of this strange "love mess" it was obvious to everyone that either the minister or his wife must be one of the most reckless lars since the Biblical Annals.

The jury in the divorce trial and then the Grand Jury decided that the wife was the truthful one, and therefore the minister is now under indictment on the charge of perjury.

Mrs. Welburn sued for divorce and custody of the child, William Drummond Welburn, 3rd, on the grounds of mental cruelty. What made the case one of the most fantastic in divorce annals was the dapper young minister's defense. He flatly denied that he had ever married Wineta Long, a pretty young Sunday School teacher, that he was the father of her child, that he had had any intimacies whatever with her, or even knew the girl except in the most formal, proper and platonic manner.

Great was the excitement and upheaval when the significance of this denial sank into the minds of the congregation, which promptly divided into two hostile groups, mostly women. One group, in its prayers, called down divine wrath upon "that wicked young person who was trying to blacken the character of their pure-hearted young minister." They thought she ought to be given a long sentence in prison.

The other group agreed, if it was a conspiracy. But in case Wineta happened to be telling the truth, what should be done to a lying minister? A minister, being a professional good man, really ought to be more truthful, moral and generally honest and decent than the average person, and, strange as it may seem, the second group had their doubts.

To gain anything like peace in the church, Rev. Welburn, Jr., surrendered his credentials as a pastor of the Methodist Church, pending his "vindication" in court. Meanwhile, his father, Rev. W. D. Welburn, Sr., took his place. When the trial opened, apparently every feminine member of the congregation flocked to the gate but the courtroom was able only to hold a small proportion, nine-tenths of it women and about evenly divided between the opposing factions.

Presiding Judge McCrory had to threaten contempt of court proceedings to put a stop to the boos and anons, with which the spectators started to greet each legal point scored.

Since the minister denied all relations, the pretty young plaintiff, an ardent church member and Bible school teacher, was forced to take the witness stand and tell from the beginning how this alleged "lovely person" staged his rather ungentlemanly version of "The Scarlet Letter." First she incriminated the court by revealing a series of premarital intimacies, before he was persuaded into what she said he called a "shotgun marriage."

She testified that with the exception of two occasions, all of their intimate actions had happened right in the parsonage of the church. One specific place she mentioned as being on St. Valentine's Day when her pastor brought his father and mother over to her home for the purpose of getting acquainted. He took the entire family out to Kelly Field, the Government ad-



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Then to quote her own words: "Shortly after that, I became suspicious. I told Bill (the Rev. Mr. Welburn, Jr.) about it and he said he guessed we'd have to go to Mexico and get married."

She testified that in April Rev. Mr. Welburn told her that he had already been married to a woman named Mildred Coleman, whom he met in Denver and married in Nebraska, but that he was trying to get a divorce from her being in contact through a friend who was acting as a go-between. In May he was still waiting for a letter from this go-between, and in June, when he and Mrs. Welburn were again thrown together while she was teaching in a "vacation Bible school," he informed her he had not heard from his friend yet. She suggested a telephone call, but the defendant objected.

"That would cost too much money (his friend was in Los Angeles) and I don't want to charge it to the church."

She related that the pastor had received a letter from this friend in response to a telegram. At this point she was prevented from relating the contents of the letter by the objection of the defense attorneys.

After the Bible School was over she claimed he took her to New Braunfels,

Interesting Courtroom Scene Showing, at the Right, the Rev. Mr. Welburn, Jr., With Attorney, and Behind Him, His Congregation, Which Was Split Into Believers and Disbelievers—Largely the Latter.

Texas, where a doctor verified her suspicions.

"Bill told the doctor it was one of those times when marriage was necessary, but unfortunately he, Rev. Mr. Welburn, Jr., was married. Bill asked the doctor if he could operate, but the doctor said that would be murder."

Here the pretty Bible School teacher related the agony of nervousness and sleepless nights brought on by the seeming indifference among the spectators when the plaintiff told how her lover had unnerved and upset her on San Antonio and gave interviews expressing unshattered faith in her fiancé's methods and morals.

There were expressions of incredulity among the spectators when the plaintiff told how her lover had unnerved and upset her on San Antonio and gave interviews expressing unshattered faith in her fiancé's methods and morals.

The plaintiff told how the Rev. Mr. Welburn promised on learning she had told her mother, to return to her on Friday of the week she phoned to him, and of his keeping his promise; how they then went for a ride and quarreled because of the callous attitude he took toward her predicament; how he returned to her home with her

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and was greeted by her mother, Mrs. Long, with a kiss; whereupon he said: "Mrs. Long, Wineta tells me she is going to have a baby. That's the first I heard of it."

Thereupon, they all began to talk at once, and her sister, Miss Wilhelma Long, suggested that a minister would be expected to do the right thing by a girl, just the same as any other man would. Rev. Welburn, Jr., did not see it that way until, after much quarreling, the sister threatened to go to the Methodist bishop if he did not agree to the ceremony, and then the pastor consented. During the argument he was reported to have used the term "shotgun wedding."

As the laws of Texas require that persons contracting marriage have to file notice of their intentions and secure a health certificate, the young plaintiff related that the health certificate was secured and intention to marry was filed in Boerne, Texas, a small town near San Antonio, and the preacher insisted on having two copies for future reference. This was on July 22, and they were married on July 25. She verified the pastor's signature on a copy of the certificate of intention to marry.

Mrs. Wineta Long Welburn described the wedding ceremony.

"We were married by Judge Maurice Lehman, and my mother, my sister and Judge Lehman's secretary were there. We got home by noon. He then showed me a fake marriage certificate, which he said he had fixed up for his family."

He had, she testified, made a very devoted husband license dated back at the time of its issuance, in order to make things look right about the child, but she was not sure if it was not only denying that they were married but stating that he had married her.

The young minister calmly denied that he was the father of the child, that there had been any marriage, any intimacy or anything at all between them, though perhaps on one occasion he had escorted her home from church.

Mrs. Wineta Long Welburn, the Sunday School Teacher, Whom the Rev. Mr. Welburn, Jr., Denied Marrying, and Little William Drummond Welburn, 3d, Whose Parents He Denied—But the Jury Did Not Believe His Denials.

Later he was annoyed at her attentions, avoided her and, of course, denied rumors that they were married. The preacher produced witnesses who supplied his alibi that he was playing baseball in another part of the State on the day when he was supposed to have been undergoing that "shotgun" marriage.

Handwriting experts were called in to testify as to genuineness of the pastor's signature on the health certificate and the bogus marriage paper as compared with genuine marriage license certificates he admits having signed for other couples, while yet the leader of his church. The name on the bogus marriage license and intention to marry certificates were ingeniously signed with initials only instead of the full name of the minister, William Drummond Welburn, Jr.

One of the experts, T. N. Smith, ex-banker of San Antonio, testified for the defense that he was not sure that the signatures were all executed by the same hand, but the other, William D. Weaver, of Dallas, a handwriting expert of 30 years' standing, testified that there was not a bit of doubt in his mind that the pastor had signed them all.

Mrs. J. F. Long, mother of Wineta, and Wineta, the sister, both took the stand to give their versions of the incidents that led up to the marriage at which they were witnesses, thus corroborating the testimony of their daughter and sister.

Judge Maurice Lehman, of Kendall County, and his secretary, Mrs. Liedt, were positive in their identification of the plaintiff as the Miss Wineta Long who was married by him on the date specified in the complaint, and of the mother and sister of the plaintiff who attended as witnesses. Both the judge and his secretary identified Rev. William Drummond Welburn, Jr., as looking like the man married to Miss Long on that occasion.

The judge said, "I believe it's the man. I think the man, but I couldn't swear to it."

The star witness of the case proved to be Dr. Raymond Wright, of New Braunfels, the physician who examined the plaintiff when she "became suspicious." He testified that about a year ago in June or July Welburn, Jr., and the plaintiff came to his office for an examination of her condition, and he found her to have been an expectant mother about four months.

At this point one of the prosecuting attorneys asked the doctor to read, and pointing to the minister, asked: "That the man who came to your office?"

The physician answered positively: "Yes."

The question for the jury was simply which side was lying. Either the minister had actually married the girl or she, her mother, sister and others had actually married the man. The question for the jury was simply which side was lying.

The judge instructed the jury to weigh yes or no to the question: "Do you find any exception?" He said that he neglected her entirely, and when the baby was born, he was not only denying that they were married but stating that he had married her.

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Swapped Mates To Keep Peace In Families

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Texas, where a doctor verified her suspicions. "Bill told the doctor it was one of those times when marriage was necessary, but unfortunately he, Rev. Mr. Welburn, Jr., was married. Bill asked the doctor if he could operate, but the doctor said that would be murder."

"I didn't know what to do," she told the court. There were expressions of incredulity among the spectators when the plaintiff told how her lover had unnerwed and upset her on the telephone. She said that when he was visiting at the home of a Miss Watts in Austin, she had called him up and that the Rev. Mr. Welburn, Jr., had enthusiastically volunteered the information that he was very much in love with another girl.

It did not seem likely that anyone would be quite so mean under the circumstances but, to everyone's astonishment, the incident was partially confirmed by Miss Dorothy Watts, Uni-

On Left—Miss Dorothy Watts, University of Texas Graduate and the Reported Fiancee of the Rev. Mr. Welburn, Jr., Who Did Believe Him.

and was greeted by her mother, Mrs. Long, with a kiss; whereupon he said: "Mrs. Long, Wineta tells me she is going to have a baby. That's the first I heard of it." Thereupon, they all began to talk at once, and her sister, Miss Wilhelma Long, suggested that a minister would be expected to do the right thing by a girl, just the same as any other man would. Rev. Welburn, Jr., did not see it that way until, after much quarreling, the sister threatened to go to the Methodist bishop if he did not agree to the ceremony, and then the pastor consented. During the argument he was reported to have used the term "shotgun wedding."

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Mrs. Wineta Long Welburn described the wedding ceremony as follows: "We were married by Judge Maurice Lehman, and my mother, my sister and Judge Lehman's secretary were there. We were married by noon. He then showed me a fake marriage certificate which he said he had fixed up for his family."

He had, she testified, usually made a very devoted husband and, according to the bride's testimony, this one was no exception. She said that he neglected her entirely, even when the baby was being born. The last straw was when she heard that he was not only denying that they were married but stating that he had been married but during that time he had escorted her home from church.

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Miss Wilhelma Long, Who Testified That She Was a Witness at Her Sister's Wedding and Could Not Possibly Be Mistaken About the Rev. Mr. Welburn, Jr., Being the Groom.

versity of Texas graduate and niece of Miss Claude De Van Watts, State president of the W. C. T. U. Dorothy rushed into the limelight to admit that she was engaged to the affectionate pastor. She did not actually attend the trial but came to San Antonio and gave interviews expressing unshattered faith in her fiancé's methods and morals.

The plaintiff told how the Rev. Mr. Welburn promised, on learning she had told her mother, to return to her on Friday of the week she phoned to him, and of his keeping his promise; how they went for a ride and quarreled because of the caller's attitude he took toward her predicament; how he returned to her home with her

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At this point, one of the prosecuting attorneys asked the doctor to stand and pointing to the minister, asked: "Is that the man who came to your office?"

The physician answered positively: "Yes." The question for the jury was simply which side was lying. Either the minister had actually married the girl or she, her mother, sister and mother-in-law were living on the basis of a copy of the Rev. Mr. Welburn and gotten this impostor to impersonate him at a wedding ceremony and forge his signature to documents in a truly remarkable case.

The judge instructed the jury to write yes or no to the question: "Do you find the evidence preponderates that the defendant, William D. Welburn, Jr., was married by Judge Maurice Lehman to the plaintiff, Wineta Long Welburn, at Borneo, Kendall County, Texas, July 25, 1933?" He further stated to them that in the event that they answered in the affirmative their decision would carry an automatic divorce decree in his court. The jury answered promptly, and the Grand Jury which happened to be sitting at the same time, smote the minister on the other cheek by handing up a perjury indictment against him for his testimony.



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He had, she testified, usually made a very devoted husband and, according to the bride's testimony, this one was no exception. She said that he neglected her entirely, even when the baby was being born. The last straw was when she heard that he was not only denying that they were married but stating that he had been married but during that time he had escorted her home from church.

The young minister calmly denied that he was the father of the child, that there had been any marriage, any intimacy or anything at all between them, though perhaps on one occasion he had returned to her home with her

Miss Wilhelma Long, Who Testified That She Was a Witness at Her Sister's Wedding and Could Not Possibly Be Mistaken About the Rev. Mr. Welburn, Jr., Being the Groom.

versity of Texas graduate and niece of Miss Claude De Van Watts, State president of the W. C. T. U. Dorothy rushed into the limelight to admit that she was engaged to the affectionate pastor. She did not actually attend the trial but came to San Antonio and gave interviews expressing unshattered faith in her fiancé's methods and morals.

The plaintiff told how the Rev. Mr. Welburn promised, on learning she had told her mother, to return to her on Friday of the week she phoned to him, and of his keeping his promise; how they went for a ride and quarreled because of the caller's attitude he took toward her predicament; how he returned to her home with her

New "Jeweled Movement" car smashes tradition in lowest price-field



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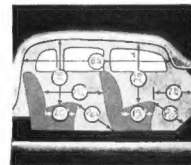
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The Mail of the Poet d'Annunzio



Beautiful Statue of St. Francis of Assisi, the Nature Lover, With Whom d'Annunzio Believed He Held Conversations, but With Whom He Has Now Quarreled Because the Saint Would Not Teach Him the Bird Language

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GARDONE, Italy, August 9

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO—renowned for his diaphanous ecstasy, love-adventures and military heroisms—has recently celebrated his seventy-first birthday at his villa on Lake Garda, where he leads the life of an eccentric recluse.

The poet-soldier's retreat is perched high on a cliff above the lake, and surrounded by olive-trees and cypresses. He has named it "Il Vittoriale," which means "The Victory." Close-by are the churches of Gardone di Sopra and San Michele.

This romantic solitude, encircled by high walls, is patrolled by a score of carabinieri under the command of Captain Rizzo, and further guarded by wolfish-looking dogs, ferocious as the demoniacs in Boccaccio's tale of "Honoria," which are caged by day and allowed to roam about the estate at night.

The host of Vittoriale—who has passed his days in a fantastic dance of the veils and likewise participated in all the orgies of the intellect—poses as an ascetic before his guests. He drinks to their health in spring-water and limits his repast to a spoonful of ice-cream, remarking that he finds in exquisite delight in abstinence. He maintains that he goes without food for a week at a time, because "eating interferes with my profound meditations." This cenobite also claims that he sleeps on a hard, coffin-shaped cot in a room devoid of carpets.

His professed indifference to comfort and to good eating and drinking is largely humbug. The sham ascetic is a sybarite. When the guests are gone, he regales himself with the choicest wines and food, finishing off with several glasses of cognac, which he calls by the Italian word for "hot stuff," as he is intensely patriotic. True, d'Annunzio possesses a coffin-like couch, yet he seldom sleeps on it, preferring his feather-bed. Four magnificent Persian rugs—one on top of the other—spread out over the floor of his bedroom, and on these he sleeps off the fumes of wine and food from his cocaine debauches.

The poet's dress is bizarre as his behavior. He appears at supper attired in a rich Oriental costume with a turban round his head. While he was still good friends with St. Francis he adopted a death-colored robe of hair and sported a monocle. When riding on a sleek in his motorboat, he wears the regalia of a naval officer, with a sixteenth-century fringed sword in his belt. The poet often struts about in a leedy aviator's uniform—the one he wore at the time he flew over Vienna and dropped incendiary bombs on the heads of the populace. D'Annunzio donned this same outfit when he tossed a basketful of laurel-leaves from his airplane over Dante's tomb at Ravenna. If Cincinnati is partial to the plough, the military hero of Italy prefers the pruning-hook, and likes to put on gardener's clothes to tend his silvery vines. Three years ago when his villa "Puglia" burned down at the open-air theatre, he was seen to be turning over to the soil. Perhaps he wanted to be sure everything was in perfect order, as he had

The Italian Warship Puglia, Torpedoed by the Austrians in the War, as It Is Set Up in the Grounds of d'Annunzio's Villa.

charged each one of his guests 1,000 lire to see the drama.

Like Des Esseintes, the crack-brained hero of Huysmans' romance, d'Annunzio is passionately fond of perfumes. He runs a sort of scent-factory at the villa, concocting the most ill-smelling mixtures made from cheap toilet-waters imported from France. Someone has remarked that his output should be named after the title of the play he wrote for Ida Rubinstein—"Pisanella, or the Perfumed Death." At present the poet is trying to imitate the perfume of the lotus, the smell of the Summer breeze, the odor of the Autumn wind. He is also experimenting with a "sard-incense," that conjures up ghosts. Like Emperor Wu, of the Han dynasty, d'Annunzio believes certain odors have the power of summoning spirits.

Another hobby of the recluse is fabricating scarves, handkerchiefs and velvet dressing-gowns, of gaudy colors and extravagant designs, on which he prints his pet motto—"Io ho quel che ho donato" (I have what I have given). When too busy to see callers, he orders a servant to present them with a piece of haberdashery bearing his d'Annunzio trade-mark.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a casual sight-seer to gain admittance to the villa. To see Pope Pius, Premier Mussolini or King Victor Emmanuel is child's play compared to catching a glimpse of "il Comandante," as the hermit-hero is called here. He receives only those whom he invites—never those who seek him out of curiosity or other reasons.

One of the chief attractions in the Vittoriale gardens is the prow of the "Puglia," an Italian battle-cruiser torpedoed by the Austrians. At the side of this war relic, which was presented to the poet by the Italian Government, stands a cannon, with plenty of blank ammunition. When guests come to see d'Annunzio, a salute of welcome is fired from the cannon. If the visitor be illustrious, the air is rent by eight salutes; if unknown to fame, one salute suffices.

These salutes used to astound the natives of the region, but of late they have come to accept them as a boon, especially in the Summer when the black powder destroys swarms of mosquitoes. The cannonading of d'Annunzio a pretty penny, but then he always liked to make a noise in the world. Moreover, he is given a million lire (about \$90,000) annually by the State, and so can afford to amuse himself in this way.

Capricious as a woman, the Comandante often keeps invited guests waiting a long time before receiving them. Recently a young Marquis arrived at Lago di Garda the day preceding his scheduled rendezvous with the poet. He stopped for the night at the Savoy Palace Hotel, in Gardone, with its palm-fringed beach, having first wired d'Annunzio that he would call next day (letters mailed to the Vittoriale anchorage are rarely answered, and one must telegraph to get in touch with him).

In the morning, the Marquis was handed a note in which his friend said he could not receive him, as it happened to be the anniversary of his favorite greyhound's death. Twenty-four hours later another letter came, postponing the meeting till the following day because the poet had been disturbed by a bad dream. This comedy



Entrance to the State War Museum Built by d'Annunzio Near His Villa



A Caricature by "Sen" of d'Annunzio Dancing With His Interesting Friend, Ida Rubinstein, When He Was a Little Younger



D'Annunzio's Private Chapel.

lasted two weeks, d'Annunzio daily declining to admit the Marquis for some fantastic reason or other. Meanwhile, the Marquis' hotel bill kept mounting as his spirits fell.

At length the young man was accorded the long-promised interview, at the close of which the bard bestowed on him a bottle of cheap perfume (manufactured on the premises), as a reward for his patience. The Marquis bowed and departed. When he reached his hotel and asked for the bill, the clerk informed him that it had been paid in full by d'Annunzio!

The first thing a visitor views on entering the Vittoriale is the poet's coat-of-arms on the gate (d'Annunzio bears the title of "Prince of Montenevoso," conferred on him by Italy's King). In the gardens there are enough statues to stock a museum, one of the most striking being that of Julius Caesar, that stands under a triumphal arch.

Before reaching the villa, which was designed by the poet, the visitor passes a portico surmounted by four stone eagles; the "Scaquini" (Gabriele was a noted Nimrod in his day); the "Schiavoni" court, littered with fragments of statues and housing an antique well; an ogive portal, with Doric columns crowned by a Venetian balcony; a Lion of St. Mark poised on a marble pillar; a sarcophagus decorated with Cupids and Latin inscriptions; a Dalmatian column covered with effigies; a War Museum and a Mausoleum containing granite tombs of the legionnaires who died during d'Annunzio's historic march on Fiume, in September, 1919.

The villa, built to resemble a priory, is a vast bazaar crammed with art-objects from everywhere. One is bewildered by the display of classic bas-reliefs, medieval daggers, votive shields, Renaissance tapestries, funeral urns, panoplies, carved ivory, Indian Buddhas, Persian and Egyptian antiquities, sabres, gold-embroidered slippers, chibouks, oil paintings of turbaned virgins, pagan sculptures from Pompeii. It is a grotesque chaos, for nothing has been arranged with taste.

A novelty from Paris rests beside some porphyry vase, of ancient Rome; a pewter ash-tray stands on top of a precious jewel-casket from Arabia.

A work of art that never fails to attract attention is a plaster copy of Michael Angelo's "Slave," the original of which is in the Louvre. D'Annunzio has dressed the statue of the nude prisoner in a Cashmere shawl, which hides the legs but leaves the upper portion of the body bare. Once asked by an inquisitive Contessa for the reason of this masquerade, the poet replied: "Michael Angelo Buonarroti appeared to me in a vision one night, saying he was dissatisfied with his 'Slave.' He explained the block of marble was too small for him to properly fashion the legs—the left one in particular. Then the great Florentine sculptor requested me to conceal the limbs with drapery, evidently feeling ashamed that he should be represented by such an imperfect work in my collection."

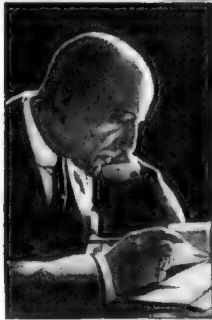
Another statue, also used as a clothes model is a Grecian Psyche, with the top of her head and her arms missing. D'Annunzio has covered up these deficiencies with a turban and flowing scarf, and stuck an cigarette in the turban. The effect is startling.

Until recently, the patron saint of this palatial hermitage was the poor Francesco of Assisi, to whom the winds were brothers and the streams were sisters. D'Annunzio erected a statue to him in the park, decked it with flowers each day, and addressed it for hours at a time as though the image were alive. Furthermore, he filled the villa with figures of the holy man, and made regular pilgrimages to Isola di Garda, in the Bay of Salò, where the friar landed in 1220. To honor his memory, he compelled his menials to wear the habit of a friar, while he himself put on a monacle, ancient sandals, and loose dress of flannel, supposed to be the color of a shroud that has wrapped a corpse for a month or two.

During the past few months, however, the Comandante has ceased being on friendly terms with the monk of the Apennines, and lies into a rage at the mention of his name. He has discontinued the trips to Isola di Garda, he no longer converses with the statue or covers it with

The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian, Turbaned French Dancer, Ida Rubinstein Distinguished of d'Annunzio's Sex Drama Which He Wrote for Her

Italy's Most Famed Living Poet, Now Old, Decrepit and Severely Damaged by Being Pushed Out of the Window by a Jealous Sweetheart, Thinks Himself a Superman, Able to Live Without Food, Converses With Virgil and Dante in His Strange, Eccentric Existence Inside His Remarkable Villa



The Gifted but Eccentric Poet d'Annunzio as He Is Today. Bald, Toothless, Yellow, Just Still Full of Eccentric Ideas.



D'Annunzio's Last Play, "Figlia di Iorio," as Performed in the Pretty Open-Air Theatre He Has Built in the Grounds of His Villa at Gardone. The King and Queen of Italy and Family Attended the First Performance.



D'Annunzio's Former Friend, the Dancer, Ida Rubinstein, in Fashionable Costume. From the Painting by Gandera.

of live a year. On religious holidays, he used to engage a male choir to sing at night for his guests in the gardens, the choristers being hidden from view. But now, for reasons of economy, he has dispensed with the singers, and treats his audiences to "choral" numbers ground out by a graphophone coaxed in the shrubbery. Few listeners suspect the trick played on them, for their host assures them they are hearing the same "Choir Invisible" that sang here formerly.

The hermitage "Holy of Holies" is where the Comandante writes. It is a cell-like chamber, with barred windows, bare white walls and only a low kennel-like entrance through which he virtually has to crawl. In this sepulchral place—it up with perfumed tapestries—he writes and rewrites his manuscripts, revises his novels or perfects his plays by reciting the action, curtailing the dialogues and polishing the verse. He does not resemble St. Hieronymus, who considered his good style a sin and gave himself sound scourgings for it. Here d'Annunzio penned on parchment that strange work of his, entitled "Nocturnes."

Many of his manuscripts he refuses to release to his publisher. Sometimes, displeased with a play or a poem, he destroys it. What he does send to his publisher is often unimpaired. He calls himself Apollo's favorite, and says the Graces hold him inkind for him when he indites sonnets. Like Tiresias, he believes that he is able to understand all things, permitted or forbidden. In the bubbling of springs, in the rustling of the trees, d'Annunzio overhears his own name syllabled, and claims the cliff on which the Vittoriale stands is merely a pedestal for the feet of Il Comandante, whose head towers in the heavens and there holds converse with the stars.

In his "mania for grandeurs" he often likens himself to the sun, comparing Mussolini to a glow-worm. He is convinced that he could run Italy much better than Il Duce, and though outwardly showing friendship for the Premier—who visited him seven months ago—secretly despises him. It is said that Mussolini, aware of the poet's oratorical talent and power to sway the mob, considers him as a real danger, and sees to it that d'Annunzio does not quit his seclusion. How Il Duce deals with rivals was recently shown when he banished the popular Baci—hero of the air-squadron transatlantic flight—by the insignificant post of Governor of Libya, in Italian North Africa.

D'Annunzio brags continually of his youth

and pretends that he will never die. At dinner, he frequently blindfolds guests with table-napkins, takes their hands and places them on his thigh, exclaiming: "Make no mistake. You are not touching granite or bronze, but something stronger and more lasting than both—the thigh of Il Comandante!"

If his flesh is not subject to the sad laws of time, one would hardly guess it from his appearance. This Delphic god, once agitated by the breath of prophecy, looks like a collapsed wind-bag. Bald, half-blind, toothless, with a skin wrinkled as a mummy, d'Annunzio would make a fine illustration for his book—"Trionfo della Morte" (Triumph of Death). His breath is so bad that he keeps peppermint tablets in his mouth while talking to people; his pallor so ghastly that he paints and powders his face as heavily as some old coquettes.

Various reasons have been advanced to explain his eccentricities. Some say he has been kissed by Luna's tender beams, quoting Socrates' words about the "divine madness of poets." Others believe cocaine accounts for his strange hallucinations and conduct. Many assert d'Annunzio has never acted normally since he tumbled out of a window in his villa a few years ago and fractured his skull.

The official version is that the fall was an accident, but gossips of Gardone tell a different story. It appears the poet's sweetheart, Donna Luisa Bacara, caught him making love to her sister, and, in an access of fury, pushed him out of the window. Luisa was arrested, but d'Annunzio, on regaining consciousness claimed he had fallen accidentally. The woman was released and the affair hushed up.

The two sisters are still living with the bard, acting in the double capacity of Muses and musicians. The elder, Donna Luisa, is 44 years old, of peasant extraction and very good-looking despite the fact that her hair, once dark and luxuriant, is now streaked with white and not so thick. She is an excellent pianist, though the instrument on which she performs here—a piano that belonged to Franz Liszt—is nothing but a wreck after being battered by the mighty waves of melody set in motion by the maestro.

Louisa's sister, a lovely girl of 23, plays the violin. She hails from Salò, a town on Lago di Garda known for its Gothic Cathedral, Palazzo Martinengo, and as the home of Vittoria Accorambone—the "last beautiful white heron" of Welster's Elizabethan tragedy. D'Annunzio has christened the girl "Gasparina di Salò," after the noted violinist of that name.

The sisters generally give selections from Palestrina, Scarlatti, Cimarosa, Domenico, Bellini and Debussy—the poet's favorite composers.

"Music," he says, "is a prodigious incantation. There are forces which set up all ghosts of youth and joy and happiness; that evoke all phantom pain or perished passion; that resurrect all dead sensations of majesty and might and glory—all expired exultations—all forgotten magnanimities."

So charming and accomplished are these Muses that d'Annunzio has practically forgotten his wife, the former Duchess of Gallese, who bore him three sons—Mario, Venero and Gabriellino. Half the year she lives at Rome and the other half at Paris. For appearance's sake her noble husband deigns to receive her two or three times

a year at Il Vittoriale. Then his comic-opera soldiers burn up a quantity of powder firing off salutes, while he fills the villa with orchids in her honor. Her visit seldom lasts longer than a fortnight after which "La Principessa di Montenevoso" returns to the Italian or French capital—happy to know she is still remembered. Perhaps she might be happier if the poet paid her more attention and service. At Paris the poor woman lives with a maid-servant on the seventh floor of a cheap flat, in the Square Albani, and her lodgings at Rome are not much more luxurious.

It must not be imagined that the Comandante's affections are monopolized by Louisa, Gasparina and the Duchess of Gallese. In spite of his corpse-like appearance, d'Annunzio is a redoubtable lady-killer. The former courtier of Carolina Otero, Eleonora Duse, Vera Sergine, Suzanne Despres, Cecile Sorel, Colette Willy, Ida Rubinstein, Isadora Duncan and a "thousand and three other actresses and dancers," resembles Casanova, who lived to the green old age of ninety. The poet's villa—appropriately built on the site of the "Seraglio" of the gay seigneurs of Gonzaga—contains special chambers for his visiting harem, which is composed of actresses (French and Italian), poetesses, models, mediators, musicians and painters.

The voluptuary names his innamoratas "abbesses," and the Vittoriale might be compared to Rabelais' "Abbaye de Thelème," where the motto was "Do as thou wilt." The villa fetes recall those staged by the youthful Cesare Borgia, when fifty nymphs—arrayed in garlands of roses—danced to the music of lutes and violins. Some of Gabriele's parties are patterned after the artistic blowouts once enjoyed by Andrea del Sarto at Florence.

D'Annunzio was noted for his extreme and fantastic eccentricity, perhaps greater than that of any other poet, when he was at the height of his literary activity. At times he thought himself a Greek god, and at others one of those splendid, artistic cutthroats of the days of the Borgias. Once he planned to jump down a volcano, so that he might never be subject to vulgar burial, but another alluring idea put the plan out of his head. He believed it was the duty of goddesses, princesses and duchesses to wait on him, and sometimes they did.

Once he explained why he was the world's greatest lover:

"In moments of reaction I have often meditated, attempting to analyze my exotic personality. I have placed myself before a mirror and asked myself the same question: 'Why are you the world's greatest lover—what is the reason?'"

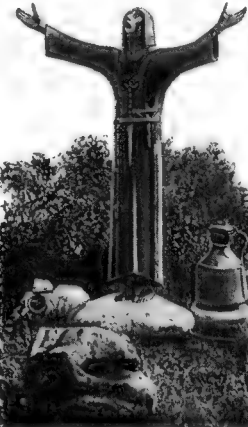
"My physiognomy, when vacated by the divine spirit, is almost repulsive. I am not gifted with one single feature that would justify a woman to love me, if by love is meant merely admiration of pleasing combinations of flesh and bone. But the love I have won is given by women whose depths of soul have yearned for such love as exotically took possession of me."

"Ah! I think I can give you a simile. A handsome king is making a tour of his domain. He stops at a humble inn. Suddenly the lowly cabin

Continued on Page 18



as Enacted by the Pictor, One of the Most Eminent, in the Poetic Drawing by Leon Bakst.



Peculiar Statue of the Good St. Francis of Assisi Erected by d'Annunzio in the Garden of His Villa When He Regarded Him as a Brother.

flowers. The images of the saints have disappeared from their niches, the friar costumes have been packed away. The cause of the rupture is said to be because St. Francis did not teach his 70-year-old pupil the tongues of beasts and birds, as he had promised to do. Whatever the real reason may be, one thing is certain: a new patron saint has been installed in the villa—the Archangel Gabriel, who revealed the Koran to Mohammed.

A mystic atmosphere has always pervaded Il Vittoriale. Madonnas, martyrs and saints peer down with wistful eyes from the stained-glass windows. The rooms—twenty in number—are filled with a dim, religious light, and as blue with the smoke of incense as a Buddhist temple. Like Schopenhauer, who kept a golden Buddha in his bedroom, d'Annunzio greatly admires the big-eared god, and has adorned the dining-room with gilded statuettes of him.

The library is full of psalters, prayer-books and other liturgical works in beautiful bindings. It also contains de luxe editions of the poet's writings, including a copy of the laws promulgated for the short-lived Regency of Fiume. Here d'Annunzio passes much of his time in lonely musings. He conceives that he has lived in other days and formed friendships with Vergil, Dante and Petrarch. With their majestic shades he enters into conversation, indulging in hallucinations which indicate a diseased imagination or disordered mind. Still, in the twilight of his career, he is better off than the poet Southey, who, for nearly three years preceding his death, sat among his books in hopeless vacuity of mind.

D'Annunzio delights in sacred music, frequently inviting acquaintances to concerts given by his private orchestra that costs him thousands

The Windy City

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER XVII.

An Unsatisfactory Journey.



CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

Drink
Coca-Cola

America's greatest liquid asset



Ice-cold Coca-Cola means *pre-cooled Coca-Cola*; thoroughly chilled before the bottle is opened. This adds tingle to its delicious taste and gives life to its sparkle,—to refresh you with awakened energy. It makes a great drink perfect, and so, you cool off for a fresh start, feeling fit for what's ahead.



"I WONDER IF I CAN GET BY"

HOW many times have *you* asked yourself the question, "I wonder if I can get by without shaving?" And yet when there is any doubt you should have but one answer—"No!" Embarrassing or unfortunate experiences have taught us this—have shown us it is a mistake to take this chance.

Really now— isn't a man foolish to risk the respect of others by neglecting to shave? Employers won't tolerate it. Women dislike to be seen with a man whose face is marred by stubble. So why try to "get by" without a clean, close shave.

Just slip a Gillette "Blue Blade" in your razor—and you're through shaving in a flash. This blade is sharp—amazingly sharp—made so by processes exclusive with Gillette. Grind-

ing, honing and stropping operations are continuous and entirely automatic—controlled to microscopic limits of accuracy. The steel used in the Gillette "Blue Blade" is the finest obtainable—and is tempered and hardened to perfection in marvelous electric furnaces where the temperature automatically changes in accordance with the requirements of the metal.

We urge you to try the Gillette "Blue Blade" on our money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction. To get shaving luxury impossible to describe—slip a new blade in your razor frequently. *The comfort you enjoy cannot be measured in pennies.*

Your dealer has Gillette "Blue Blades." Buy a package today. We are sure you'll like them.

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

NOW 5 *for* 25¢ • 10 *for* 49¢

Hear Gene and Glenn on the air every night except Saturday and Sunday—WEAF and coast-to-coast hook-up: 6:15 E.S.T. or 9:15 C.S.T.

Protects!

to first nourish
kind or war
dormers. Em
out doors w
fear of sunb
or toughened

**ORIENTAL
CREAM**

Gouraud

"I don't even think
she's pretty
NOW!"



MUM

(Continued from Page 14)

The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the
 asymptotic behavior of the solution of the problem
 (1.1)–(1.3) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$. It is shown that the solution
 of the problem (1.1)–(1.3) has the asymptotic expansion
 (1.4)

[illegible]

Animated the faces about him.

[illegible]

He was a tall, slender, young man, with a high forehead, and a keen, intelligent expression. He was dressed in a dark suit, and a white shirt, with a dark tie. He was looking at the camera with a slight smile, and his hands were clasped in front of him. The background was a plain, light-colored wall.

I've hanker round at the
store then at Ben and my
friending him hand. I've
from a bowl to the table
from a bowl to the table
I've hanker round at the
store then at Ben and my
friending him hand. I've
from a bowl to the table
from a bowl to the table

[illegible]

The following are some of the more important results obtained from the analysis:

- (1) The model is able to predict the general trend of the observed data.
- (2) The model is able to predict the magnitude of the observed data.
- (3) The model is able to predict the timing of the observed data.

In conclusion, the model is a useful tool for predicting the behavior of the system under study.

[illegible]

"Take off the silver and lay you double your stake to he can't goose by you." "Make a well hand of money at once," grinned the Irish farmer.

The Irishman's luck was phenomenal. Two more he won on the line and abruptly the banker swung the wheel to the house.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

right enough; but as for this
ter about the Isle of the Sa
Rider, it's just moonshine,"
traveled once at the
hered of my uncle's
Yes, I'm sure we
candid. His voice, honest
ringing, must have carried
viction to almost anyone hear
it, and for a man, Sam

(Continued on Page 18)

How Won

Dominion

Prominence
To Gain An A



WRONG MAKE-UP gives a "be
"cheap" look.

These Pictures, Both

THESE IS NOW A NEW and often different way in make-up creation. The Las Vegas Strip, Hollywood, where some of the most famous and the most beautiful women in the world are seen in their most glamorous and beautiful forms, is now a place where the most beautiful women in the world are seen in their most glamorous and beautiful forms.

there is virtually no question
among women of admitted
taste.

Angelus Rouge
USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE
Manages dandruff, itching hair,
and itchy scalp. It's the only medicine
that goes deep into the pores of the scalp
to clear away dirt and oil.
GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE
FOR THE HAIR AND SCALP

[illegible]

GLOVER'S
158 Fifth Avenue, Dept. H, New York City



CORN PAIN
is in the **CORE**
GET RID OF IT!

Kohler
One Night
CORN KIT

Men of Social e Now Make-Up



RIGHT MAKE-UP provides a natural seductiveness—free of all artificiality.

of the Same Model, Show the Right and Wrong Make-up

prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste runs you use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is utterly unworldly. It is, in its original motif, as natural as the very life-giving rain without its violence.

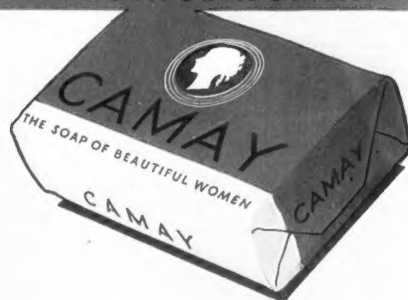
It is as sweet as the very air, and yet it is long kept by a Rose Incarnat. The French have perfected a few cents. The lipstick, the paste, the American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

The Little Red Box
for lips and cheeks

Incarnat
By LOUIS PHILIPPE
AND THE CHEEKS

The "Regular"
Lipstick

TO GET YOU TO TRY CAMAY . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!



\$1,000

free EVERY YEAR OF YOUR LIFE!

AND 553 BIG CASH PRIZES
ALL GIVEN TO WOMEN LIKE YOURSELF
FOR WRITING SHORT, SIMPLE LETTERS ON . .

"Why Camay is the Best Beauty Soap for My Skin!"

It's Easy! It's Fun! Here's some woman's chance to win a Life Income! Just do this. Write a short, simple letter about Camay! Don't delay! Enter Now! Try for a Prize!

THINK of it—One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000) paid in cash to you—every year as long as you live! One Thousand Dollars a year—a lifetime of protection—freedom from worry—freedom from debt! Isn't that enough to make any woman's "dreams come true"—dreams of new clothes, of a new car, of a nicer home? Dreams for the children—better schooling, happy days, a freer, more abundant life? Imagine what \$1,000 a year would mean to you! Think of all the luxuries! Think of your family and what this Prize of a Life-time could mean!

553 other prizes, too. 553 cash awards, each payable in a lump sum. Second Prize is \$1,000 cash—Third Prize is \$750 cash—and so on. 554 prizes in all. See the list below! This wonderful offer is made to you by the makers of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. We want you to try this fine beauty soap. We want you to discover how much Camay can improve your complexion. So we offer women like yourself 554 big prizes for short, simple letters on "Why Camay is the Best Beauty Soap for My Skin."

These Facts May Help You Win

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is used by hundreds of thousands of attractive women. Camay is a perfect beauty soap for the delicate feminine skin. It is wonderfully mild—it is as gentle as cream to your skin. Camay's lather comes quickly—even in hard water. And Camay is pure creamy-white—as a beauty soap should be!

But it's your opinion of Camay that counts, and that is why the makers of Camay are offering these magnificent prizes—554 in all—for your own ideas about Camay.

Don't think you have to be an expert writer to enter and win this contest. A brief, clear statement is better than a complicated literary effort. Simple, sincere, easy-to-write letters are sure to win the prizes. Just write as if you were writing to some woman friend.

Decide Now to Try Camay and Try for a Prize

Glance at the list of awards. Read the simple, easy rules of the contest. Then try Camay. As soon as you have used it several times you will know why so many women prefer Camay to any other

beauty soap. Revel in Camay's soothing, lustrant lather! Enjoy its gentle cleansing action! Experience the definite benefits it brings to your complexion!

Then tell us why you consider Camay the finest beauty soap you have ever used. In a short letter, write your reasons for preferring this fine beauty soap. Write on a plain piece of paper and attach to your letter 3 green and yellow Camay wrappers, or 3 copies of the Camay wrapper, drawn and colored by yourself. Mail your entry to us, and you may be one of the happy winners in Camay's "Dreams Come True" contest.

Your short letter about Camay has an excellent chance to win a prize. It's easy to try. And any one of the 554 prizes would be wonderful to win!

Every Woman Who Uses Camay Wins New Beauty

Every prize winner and every other woman who enters the contest is sure to win one valuable prize not listed below. That prize is a lovely, fresh Camay Complexion. Use Camay faithfully and watch for the flattering improvement in your skin. For Camay is almost sure to do for you what it has done for hundreds of thousands of other women—help you to new skin beauty.

Begin today to use Camay—and try for one of these big prizes.

Camay Specials Are Offered at Your Dealer's Now!

Hundreds of dealers are putting Camay on display—featuring the Soap of Beautiful Women at its amazing low price. Look for Camay in its green and yellow wrapper. Take advantage of its present low price! Get sev-

100 EXTRA PRIZES FOR QUICK ACTION

If your entry is received between August 15 and August 31, 1934, it may be awarded one of the special prizes of \$10 to be given for each of the 100 best letters received from women during this period. Winning one of these prizes will not in any way affect your opportunity for winning one of the 554 regular prizes.

eral cakes of Camay today and be sure to save the wrappers! These specials are your opportunity to try the beauty soap which is offering these 554 marvelous prizes in the great Camay "Dreams Come True" contest!

SEE HOW SIMPLE IT IS—JUST READ THESE

EASY RULES

1 Anyone may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble (and affiliated companies), the Union Central Life Insurance Co., and their families.

2 Write 100 words or less on "Why Camay Is the Best Beauty Soap for My Skin." Attach to your letter 3 green and yellow Camay wrappers or 3 copies. Write as many entries as you wish, but each must be accompanied by 3 Camay wrappers or copies and signed by the actual writer.

3 Print your name and address, and the name and address of your regular dealer or grocer on your letter.

4 The First Prize of \$1,000 a year for life will be awarded each Christmas Day, beginning Christmas, 1934, for the remainder of the winner's life to the contestant whose letter the judges think best. (If the winner elects, a lump sum of \$10,000 cash will be paid as First Prize in lieu of \$1,000 a year for life.) First Prize guaranteed by the Union Central Life Insurance Co. All prizes except First Prize are one-time cash payments.

5 Letters will be judged on the clearness, sincerity, and interest of the statements you make about Camay, and prizes will be awarded for the best letters meeting these requirements. Judges will be: Katharine Clayburger, Associate Editor, *Woman's Home Companion*; Hildegard Fillmore, Beauty Editor, *McCall's Magazine*; Ruth Martin, Beauty Editor, *Good Housekeeping Magazine*. The judges of this contest are unbiased. They will judge only the effectiveness of the arguments submitted. Their decisions shall be final and without recourse. In the event of a tie, identical prizes will be awarded to bring contestants. All entries submitted become the property of The Procter & Gamble Co.

6 Mail your entry to Camay, Dept. C. P. O. Box 959, Cincinnati, O. All entries must be post-marked before midnight, October 15, 1934. Prize winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after the contest closes.

Contest applies to United States only and is subject to all provisions of Federal, State, and Local Regulations.

LISTEN IN

WJAF and a Coast-to-Coast NBC Network "Dreams Come True" Radio Program. Hear Barry McKinley, sensational new singer, and more news about the contest. Every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, 2:00 p. m. and 4:45 p. m., E. S. T. See newspapers for time of broadcast in your city.



"I LOVE CAMAY'S CREAMY LATHER"

Some time ago, a girl from New Jersey wrote: "Camay works up into a rich lather the instant water touches it. I love Camay's creamy lather because it's so fragrant and cleanses my skin without the slightest irritation. I've only used Camay a few weeks, but already my skin feels smoother and looks fresher."

Why not send in a letter as short as this one and try to win a prize in the Camay Contest?

554 PRIZES FOR LETTERS TELLING "Why Camay is the Best Beauty Soap for My Skin"

GRAND PRIZE, \$1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE!
(Guaranteed by The Procter & Gamble Co. and the Union Central Life Insurance Co.)
Or \$10,000 Cash in a lump-sum payment, if the winner elects.

2nd PRIZE	\$1,000	cash in one payment
3rd PRIZE	\$750	cash in one payment
4th PRIZE	\$250	cash in one payment
5th PRIZE	\$100	each, cash in one payment
50 PRIZES OF	\$10	
500 PRIZES OF		

Dreams Come True!

WITH

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

(Continued from Page 16)

PERMANENTLY

DESTROYS HAIR

pattern. PLEASE NO
ARE TO BE SENT—

© 1981.

READ CAREFULLY THE ADDRESS
and you can count upon speedy delivery.

S TO WHICH THEY
ry.

on your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

The method is called Zuni
Wallace Hopper's Special Restora-
tive Cream. You can get it at an
drug or department store. Try it
it may give your life a new meanin-

cially re-supplied to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils. This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without

[illegible]

skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils. This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

literally drink in the youth oils it contains. It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof. The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any

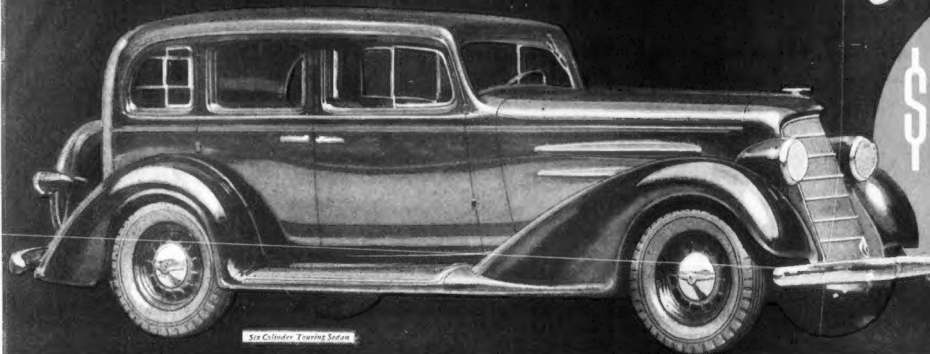
literally drink in the youth oils it contains. It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof. The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any

drug or department store. Try it
it may give your life a new meaning

them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

18

SEE WHAT YOU GET *for only*



\$ 650

AND UP,
LIST AT LANSING



SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES



KNEE-ACTION WHEELS



RIDE STABILIZER



CENTER-CONTROL STEERING



84 HORSEPOWER in the "8" 90 in the "8"



SYNCHRO-MESH TRANSMISSION



FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION



ALL-DAY RIDING COMFORT



From 5 to 60 in less than 28 SECONDS



17 MILES TO THE GALLON

The ONLY LOW-PRICE CAR WITH ALL THESE MODERN FEATURES

It doesn't take America long to find out about a good thing! Voted the best-looking car in the low-price field, Oldsmobile has won public favor so conclusively that sales this year are nearly double those of a year ago!

VALUE tells the story in one word. More for your money. Value-wise car buyers recognize in Oldsmobile those qualities which make it the outstanding buy of the low-price field.

Drive this big, dependable Style Leader, and see for yourself. Notice how quietly, easily, you shift. Not a sound, not a hint of clashing, even in first and reverse. That's Oldsmobile's Synchro-Mesh all-silent transmission. Head for a bump in the road. Take it full tilt... and see how Oldsmobile's famous Knee-Action Wheels smooth out the rough spots.

And what a joy to drive a car with brakes that respond like these! Super-Hydraulic—they stop

you quick as a wink, without the slightest swerving. You get a feeling of security that doubles the pleasure of driving this car.

Take a curve fast. Another surprise. All roll and sideways are gone! Oldsmobile's Ride Stabilizer, low center of gravity, and correct weight distribution give you a car that really *hugs* the road.

Steering is so easy the car almost "steers itself." The wheel is steady. It doesn't fight you. No shimmy. You feel as if you could drive for days without getting tired. That's Oldsmobile new Center-Control Steering.

We could tell you volumes more. But the best place to judge this car is behind the wheel. Only then can you fully appreciate how much more Oldsmobile's extra quality features add to your ride—in extra roominess, comfort, safety, power, beauty, and economy. Only then can you begin to appreciate why Oldsmobile enjoys the highest owner loyalty of any car in America!

Free Booklet

"How to Test the Performance of a Motor Car." Un-biased hints from experiences of our drivers. Not an Oldsmobile advertisement. Ask an Oldsmobile dealer for your copy.



Sizes \$650 and up. Eight \$885 and up. List prices at Lansing, subject to change without notice. Spare tire with lock, metal tire covers, bumpers front and rear, and rear spring covers built in all cars at extra cost.

OLDSMOBILE

A BIG, ROOMY GENERAL MOTORS VALUE... ONE LOOK MAKES YOU WANT IT... ONE RIDE PROVES YOU'RE RIGHT